

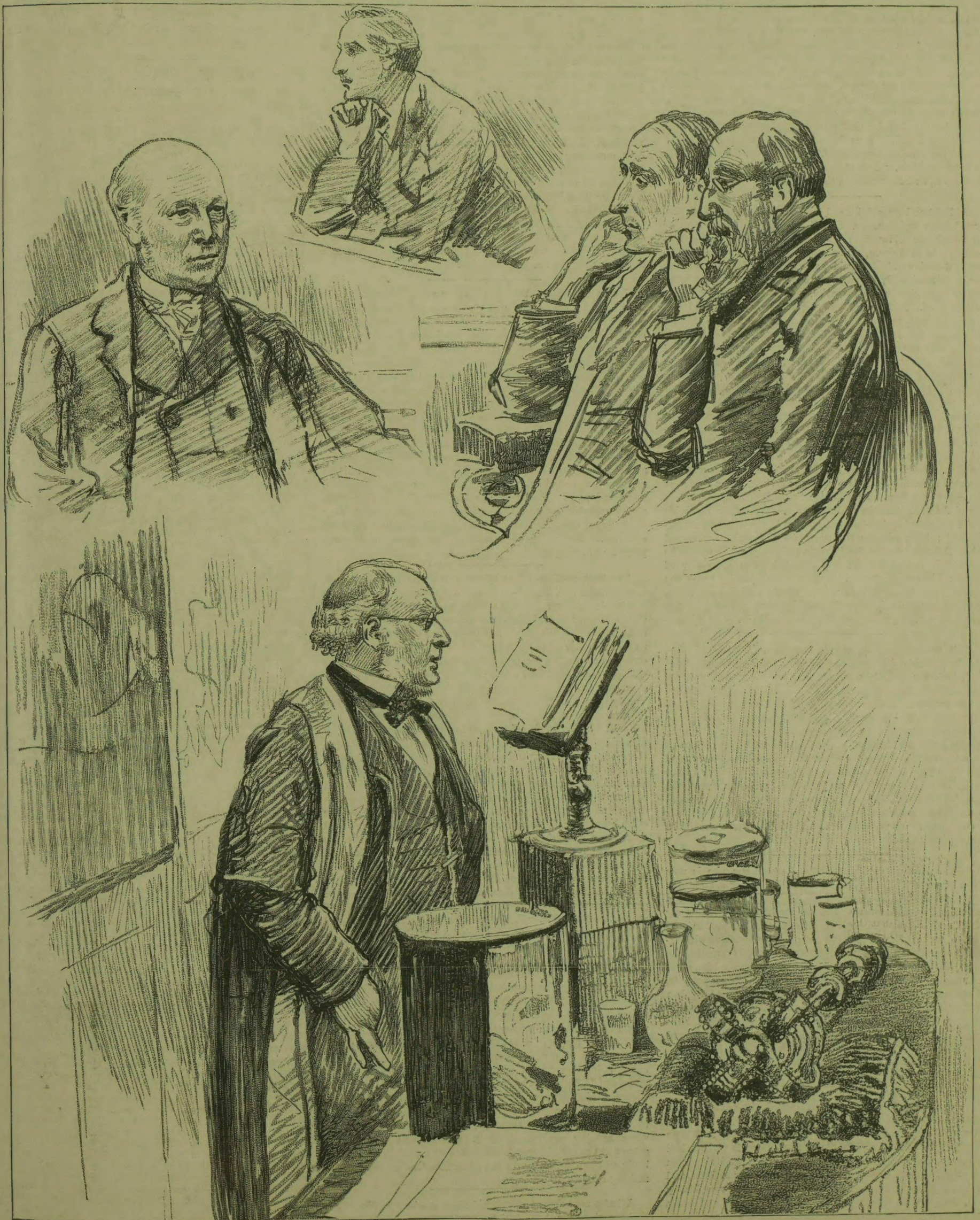
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SIR SPENCER WELLS LECTURING AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A very interesting speculation has been raised by a writer in *Lippincott's Magazine* as to whether, upon the whole, Criticism has been of advantage to Literature, and even (I write it with fear and trembling, and a sense of blasphemy) whether it is really of any value at all. Indeed, it is at the latter conclusion that this audacious being has apparently arrived, though he was once a critic himself. The spectacle can only be paralleled by that of a divine divesting himself of his "orders," and becoming not only a layman but an antagonist of Holy Writ. The collection he has made of the judgments (sentences of death in fact) passed by the "hebdomadal (and other) conferrers of immortality" upon Carlyle, Wordsworth, Shelley, Dickens, Tennyson, and many more great names in literature, sounds to modern ears, it must be confessed, exceedingly ludicrous. The confidence with which they were uttered—as though no Court of Appeal existed—and the pompousness of their style immensely heighten their humour. Instead of killing Keats as the *Quarterly* was fabled to do, it ought, as it now strikes us, to have tickled his sense of fun; but then we are regarding the matter from a different standpoint and at a greater distance off than he was, and he was not, as now, standing on a pinnacle. He was certainly annoyed by it, as Byron was by the barbs of the *Edinburgh*. Even in the last generation we find Thackeray irritated by the bolts of the "Thunderer," and even writing to the editor of a magazine to know why the deuce he didn't take that notice of his works which their merits demanded. To us it seems amazing that the "We's" should have had such power. The question put by the writer in *Lippincott* is, "Did they exercise it for good?" and he answers it, as I have said, in the negative.

A light and graceful hand in the *Daily News* has controverted this opinion, or, at all events, has very happily instanced the advantages which have flowed to authors—notably, to Tennyson, from what that poet terms "the indolent reviewer." It would be hard if the flail of criticism has not occasionally thrashed out the corn to some purpose; and a triumph for homœopathy, indeed, if its "chaff" only evoked chaff. But the matter must be looked at all round, and especially with regard to the motives of criticism. Has its object, on the whole, been to improve, or merely to exalt itself at the expense of the author, or even to give him pain? The fond mother, the poet tells us, "only to be kind," takes her offspring on her knee and "gives him several slaps behind." It hurts her (as the schoolmasters falsely aver of their punishments) more than it hurts him. Does anybody believe it hurts the critic? The vast majority of reviews of books, I am afraid, have been written to make an attractive—i.e., slashing—article; the writers have practised vivisection, not in the interests of science, but in their own; the public has discovered it, and that is why much of their power has departed from them. It is also a great deal easier to detect blemishes than beauties; a critic at once kindly and acute is one of the noblest works of Providence—but rather rare; his praise is termed by his fellow-labourers in the vineyard, "log-rolling"; they mistake the grape for the walnut tree, and think it is the better for beating. For myself, it would be ingratitude indeed did I not acknowledge the generosity of critics; I have been treated by the whole fraternity (with one or two base exceptions) as well (almost) as I deserve; but, speaking generally, I think they are less inclined to look for the rising sun of genius than for the spots in it.

This was certainly the case in old times. A friend of mine, who is probably the best authority on such subjects in England, had, for a certain reason (besides his sins, which are insignificant), to read through the whole quarterly literature of the century. He found it very dry and very bitter. Moreover, what should please the modern reviewer (and I love to please him), he told me that, with the exception of certain writers, such as most of us are acquainted with, the authors of these lucubrations wrote such stuff as would not be accepted now by any periodical which has a reputation to lose. I have no doubt of the truth of his statement; but it seems odd enough that these dead-and-gone critics should be pronounced so worthless, whereas, as we are so constantly told by their descendants of to-day, our dead-and-gone authors should be the only ones worth reading.

"The sort of critic I most detest," wrote one who is now beyond the reach of criticism, "is not the malignant one, who, as a natural child of Satan, does his father's behests in a dutiful and hereditary way; but the one who calls himself my friend, and is compelled by high principle and his professional duty to write of my work ('with great personal unwillingness') something unpleasant. Why on earth (save that he wants his blood-money) should it be necessary for him, since he cannot speak of it civilly, to speak of it at all? It is possible, of course, that an individual may be so built up of wisdom and justice that it is impossible for him to keep silence even to oblige a friend; but this presupposes an angel, and I have generally found that the only association with principle and duty that this sort of person ever had in his life is the pretext they thus afford him for writing an offensive review of his friend."

What a host of friends, if he followed the advice of Dr. Johnson—"to make friends of young men when we ourselves grow old"—must the venerable Provost of King's College have left behind him! To die at ninety-one is to have had two lives; though one indeed far better worth the living than the other. When I knew him, I was a small boy at Eton, and he the master of the Lower School. He was a very kindly man, though with an appearance of great dignity, and had a great reputation for epigram. When the King of Bavaria had to vacate his throne, partly in consequence of his tender regard

for Lola Montez, Dr. Okes was credited with these appropriate lines—

Thus spoke Bavaria's classic King,
When forced to cut and run—
"Pack up my trunks, and take my place,
O Lola! I am done."

The Doctor's admiration for Greek was such that he was reported to express himself in that language on occasions that did not seem to demand it, and to deprecate the custom of throwing stones as "lithoballizing." My brother had been his pupil, and on my first arrival at Eton, though he was not my tutor, he was so good as to ask me to breakfast. Burns's feelings on being invited to "dinner with a lord" were nothing to mine on the reception of this invitation. I would have given all my pocket-money for the term to have evaded so great an honour. I went, of course, nevertheless; and though very much suppressed, did justice to a very excellent entertainment. If a boy can't eat he must be in a bad way indeed. Even of a love-sick one it is recorded—

Scared is, of course, my heart; but unsubdued
Is and shall be my appetite for food.

When the repast was over, however, I felt the necessity of relaxing the mind, and it being a fine sunshiny morning, took my seat at my window, and with mirror in hand, proceeded to dazzle the various passengers that crossed the bridge from Windsor, immediately opposite. One very portly one gave me great amusement, and not until, shading his eyes with his hand, I perceived him coming straight to my "dame's" house, did I dream of danger. I was always very near-sighted, and only when he came quite close did I recognise my host of the morning, Dr. Okes. Was ever modest youth placed in so undesirable a position? I draw a veil over what ensued, simply because I don't remember it; I was so desperately frightened. "O Lola!" I said to myself, and knew no more. Perhaps the good Doctor saw that I had received punishment enough, but at all events I was not punished except by that terrible interview. What was also very kind of him, I thought: he never asked me to breakfast again. This escapade happened nearly half a century ago, since which I have never dazzled anybody (doubtless on account of it), but I shall always entertain a tender feeling for Dr. Richard Okes.

I always thought that one of the great advantages of the chessboard as compared with the card-table was that in the former case money was never staked upon the result of the contest. The interest of the game was such, I was told, that there was no necessity to increase it by the prospect of pecuniary aggrandisement; and, indeed, there was a sort of divinity supposed to hedge the game—as it does the King himself at it, who can't be held in check—which puts such vulgar and debasing considerations out of the question. But, if the *Pall Mall Gazette* is to be believed, we shall have to get rid of this illusion. In Russia, it says, there is a lady whose father having lost his fortune by gambling at chess has devoted herself to getting it back again by the same means, and succeeded. She did not play for a shilling a game, like the gentlemen of old at "Simpson's," but for stakes that were worth winning. Moreover, she has found "a mate" with similar proclivities, and husband and wife are ready to play anybody for what they like. What is very satisfactory, there can be no possibility of unfairness, for chess can be only played "on the square."

The Conversations of the Great Duke with Lord Stanhope, to which the world has been so tardily permitted to listen, are admirable reading. Without quite endorsing the Laureate's view of our national hero—that no record that has leapt to light has been to his disadvantage—he has stood the shocks of time far better than is customary with our departed great ones; much better, for instance, than his rival Nelson. His opinions may have been what are now called "narrow," but there was nothing small about himself. Brief and curt as he was by speech and letter, there was invariably matter in what he said or wrote; and, above all, he was always natural and himself. He detested humbug, and expressed himself with a frankness that, compared with the diplomatic utterances of those with whom he mingled, must have been most refreshing. What a trial it must have been to him when his contemptible Monarch, half out of "what he called his mind," used to ask his corroboration of his sacred person having been actually in danger at Waterloo. ("Was it not so, Arthur?" "I have often heard your Majesty say so.") The late Lord Clarendon used to relate a charming story of his first interview with the Duke, which I do not remember to have seen in print. It was when the Liberals were in power and Clarendon in office. As the youngest member of the Ministry, he was selected to inform his Grace of the determination they had come to of giving up the body of Napoleon to the French, and he wrote to request an interview. "F. M. the Duke, &c.," wrote in his usual style, and named an hour at which he would receive him at Apsley House. He was ushered into a little room with nothing but two chairs in it, and as the clock struck the Duke entered, nodded, and took one of them. Clarendon explained to him that, considering the association of his Grace with Napoleon, the Ministry had thought it only right to inform him of what they proposed to do, and expressed his hope that the French would appreciate the courtesy of the act. "They won't," said the Duke; "they will only think you are afraid of them; and, in the words of my late honoured friend the Duke of Richmond, I don't care 'two twopenny damns' if they do. Good morning!" If he had spoken for an hour he could not have expressed himself more clearly; but what to my mind is most noteworthy—supposing his opinion of the French of that date to be correct—was his contempt for a policy of conciliation when nothing could come of it. Our modern system is to attempt to conciliate everybody, but more especially those who bully and bluster, under the mistaken idea that we are thereby making friends.

What a rage there is for "good short stories"! The prices that are given for them (chiefly by the Trans-Atlantic press, however) is just now unexampled. I see it generally stated

that our storytellers must be "coining money" even at a greater rate than usual (which is almost one-fifth of the speed of any other profession). The coin is, indeed, made quickly enough, but, from the nature of things, the gain is transitory. It is only reasonable that the commodity required should fetch a high price, for—unless in the chance instance of a writer having a "plot" in his mind which will suit a short narrative, and not a long one—he has generally to sacrifice to its composition material which, with proper treatment, would make a novel. This is the chief objection, from the novelist's point of view, to a short story. Moreover, it requires characters—with no space to spread themselves in—and emotions, and "situations," and catastrophes, all in a nutshell. The labour is that of miniature painting, which, whatever is paid for it, can hardly be remunerative. And when it is done it is done for. After appearing in the magazine, or newspaper, there is no publication for the short story in volume form, save in the company of a score of similar productions, and when it is so produced the book is not remunerative. The libraries do not look with favour upon such collections of short stories. This is curious, when we hear so many people expressing their preference for short stories over long ones; but so it is, and this is "the long and short" of the whole question.

THE MORTON LECTURE AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF ENGLAND.

Two years ago, a gentleman well known in connection with the philanthropic work of this metropolis, Mr. J. T. Morton, offered to provide funds for the institution of a Lectureship on cancer and cancerous diseases in the Royal College of Surgeons. The offer was accepted and Sir James Paget was requested to deliver the first lecture last year. This he published and dedicated to Mr. Morton "with sincere respect for his benevolence and generosity; and expressed the hope which he believed the founder entertained, that this lectureship might lead to some practical utility, perhaps even to the finding of a method for the prevention or the cure of these diseases." The second annual lecture on this important subject was delivered on Thursday, Nov. 29, in the theatre of the college, by Sir Spencer Wells, who commenced his lecture by remarking that no body of men could be more anxious to assist in the attainment of the philanthropic desire of Mr. Morton than the members of the Royal College of Surgeons, and no one of those whom he had the honour of addressing needed to be reminded of the almost overwhelming importance of the subject, cancerous diseases being as heartrending to the surgeon as they were mysterious and terrible to the public. An additional reason for urging the importance of the study at the present moment is found in the fact that, notwithstanding the great advance of sanitary science, and the prolongation of the average length of human life—in spite of the shortening of the duration and the lowering of the mortality of some diseases, the prevention (almost the stamping out) of others—cancerous diseases, so far from being less prevalent or less fatal, are increasing among us. The increase in the number of deaths from cancer at the present time, and has been for many years past, is far greater than the proportional increase of population. The Registrar-General's report bears out this statement in every particular. Carefully recorded statistics show that the number of deaths from cancer in England increased from 7245 in 1861 to 17,113 in 1887. In Scotland and Ireland the proportional increase was almost equally great; in the former, with a smaller population than the latter, there were some 200 more deaths from cancer, the mortality reaching the highest percentage in Edinburgh. Singularly enough, and contrary to a widespread belief, there was seen to be a higher death-rate among males than among females. The fact that these diseases destroy their victims during the most active and useful periods of life surely adds to the greater importance of studying their causes. When we learn more of the history of cancer, more of its invasion into the human frame, &c., then we may hope to be able to avoid or prevent, perhaps, even cure the disease. It is, then, observed Sir Spencer, "for surgeons to consider their duty as surgeons in relation to cancerous diseases in general, whether they could be checked, their surgical or medical treatment improved, and so forth." He concluded his very practical discourse by pointing out the danger of inadequate, unnecessary, and heroic measures, and compared the results obtained by so-called remedies of a secret character with the more solid work achieved by scientific surgeons. The President of the College, Mr. Savory, occupied the chair, and he was well supported by Sir James Paget, Sir W. MacCormac, Sir Joseph Fayrer, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Hulke, Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Willett, Mr. Sibley, Mr. Jabez Hogg, Mr. Heath, Mr. Sidney Jones, Mr. Doran, and a very appreciating and numerous body of the members of the college.

The Mercers' Company have given one hundred guineas to the Augmentation Fund of the Clergy Pensions Institution, Mowbray House.

The Marquis of Huntly opened an exhibition of painting and statuary in Aberdeen on Dec. 3, and, in an address on Scotch painters and their patrons, referred to the origin and progress of pictorial art in Scotland. His Lordship claimed that a meeting in Edinburgh in 1729 of some seventeen artists and amateurs laid the foundation-stone of a Scotch school of painting, that meeting being the first systematic effort for the furtherance of art, and as such was entitled to be considered the precursor of the Royal Scottish Academy.

The inaugural meeting of the Arts Congress, which has been held in Liverpool, took place on Monday, Dec. 3.—Sir James Picton presiding over a brilliant assemblage. Sir Frederick Leighton, the president, gave an eloquent address on the needs and aims of the congress, speaking of the necessity of art for the national greatness and of the want of cultivation among the English people as a rule, pointing out how much could be effected by such a congress in the interchange of ideas to remedy existing deficiencies. The various sections of the congress began their sittings next morning.

Accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, the Sheriffs and Under-Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, and many other distinguished visitors, the Lord Mayor presided on Dec. 1 at the annual distribution of prizes to the City of London Rifle Volunteer Brigade held at the Crystal Palace. The proceedings were opened by Colonel Lord E. Pelham-Clinton, in command of the brigade, who referred to the patriotic intention of the Lord Mayor to raise, if possible, a fund of £100,000 to thoroughly equip the metropolitan Volunteers. The prizes were presented by the Lady Mayoress, the principal recipients being Private Griggs (best shot in the brigade) and Major Earl Waldegrave.—A conference of commanding Volunteer officers took place at the Mansion House on the 3rd for the purpose of discussing means to perfect the equipment of Volunteers, so that they may be ready for service at the briefest notice.

THE COURT.

The Queen and the Empress Frederick and several members of the Royal family travelled from Windsor to town on Nov. 29, and paid a series of visits. The Empress Frederick, Princesses Sophie and Margaret of Prussia, and Prince Christian visited Mr. Boehm's studio at Fulham, in order to inspect the model for the bust of the Emperor Frederick, which is to be sent to Windsor Castle. The bust represents the late Emperor as he appeared at the Jubilee last year. On arriving at Paddington the Queen proceeded to Kensington Palace, and visited Princess Louise, where her Majesty was joined by the Empress Frederick. The Queen, the Empress, and Princess Beatrice likewise visited Mrs. Thurston, who had been head nurse to the Royal family for many years. Their Majesties afterwards visited the Duchess of Cambridge at St. James's Palace, and returned to Windsor Castle at half-past seven o'clock. Her Imperial Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, visited the Royal Tapestry Works on the 30th. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, accompanied by Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, were present at a special service, held in the evening, at Westminster Abbey, at which "The Messiah" was performed. Count and Countess Karolyi arrived at the castle, and had the honour of being received by the Queen and the Empress Frederick. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, visited her Majesty and the Empress Frederick. Baron Reischach had the honour of dining with the Queen, the Empress, and the Royal family. The Queen drove out on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 1, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princesses Sophie and Margaret of Prussia. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, K.T., arrived at Windsor Castle. Earl and Countess Sydney and the Bishop of Ripon also arrived, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Duke and Duchess de Sermoneta arrived at Windsor Castle in the afternoon, and had the honour of being received by the Empress Frederick. The Duchess of Manchester was also received by the Empress Frederick, and afterwards by the Queen. The Queen and the Empress, with the Royal family and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service in the private chapel at Windsor on Sunday morning, the 2nd. The Bishop of Ripon, assisted by the Dean of Windsor, officiated; and the Bishop of Ripon preached. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Earl and Countess Sydney, the Bishop of Ripon, and Count Seckendorff had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Earl and Countess Sydney, and the Bishop of Ripon, who have been on a visit to the Queen, left Windsor for London on the 3rd. The Queen went out with the Empress Frederick and Princess Beatrice. The Duc de Nemours and the Duc d'Aumale visited her Majesty and remained to luncheon. The Queen drove out in the afternoon accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Margaret of Prussia. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, dined with her Majesty. The Queen went out on the 4th with Princess Beatrice and Princesses Sophie and Margaret of Prussia. Her Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood upon Mr. Peter Henry Edlin, Q.C., Assistant Judge, Middlesex Sessions, and Mr. Polydore De Keyser, late Lord Mayor of London.

The Princess of Wales's birthday was kept on Saturday, Dec. 1, at Sandringham with the usual rejoicings. The annual tenants' ball was given the previous evening, the whole of the guests at Sandringham as well as the Royal family being present. On Saturday afternoon, in the large room at the Royal mews, all the children of the Sandringham, West Newton, and Wolferton Schools had their annual tea as usual on the birthday. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and the Duke of Cambridge, accompanied by the guests at Sandringham, were present at Divine service at the church of St. Mary Magdalene on Sunday morning, the 2nd. The Rev. F. Herve, Rector of Sandringham, officiated, and the Rev. Canon Duckworth preached. The Duke of Cambridge left Sandringham. The Comte and Comtesse de Paris and Princess Hélène left Sandringham on the 3rd, having terminated their visit to the Prince and Princess. The Prince left Sandringham for London in order to preside next day at a meeting of the Duchy of Cornwall. In the evening he went to the Comedy Theatre. On the 5th the Prince went on a visit to Mr. Tyssen Amherst, M.P., and Mrs. Amherst, at Didlington Hall, Norfolk. The Princess and her three daughters remain during the week at Sandringham.

Princess Louise attended a conversazione on Dec. 1 at the Athenæum, Highbury-park, to inaugurate the North London branch of the Recreative Evening Schools Association.

On the same day the annual distribution of the late Lady Peck's prizes at the National Orphan Home, Ham-common, was made by Princess Mary Adelaide, who was accompanied by Princess Victoria of Teck. The Earl of Wemyss (chairman of the committee), the Countess of Wemyss, Lady Elcho, and Lady Whittaker Ellis were among those present.

Mr. Justice Wills has been appointed as the Judge for England under the Railway and Canal Traffic Act of the present year; Lord Trayner, one of the Judges of the Court of Session, has been appointed for Scotland; and Mr. Justice Murphy for Ireland.

The new School Board for London held their first meeting on Dec. 4. The only business transacted was the election of a chairman and vice-chairman. The Rev. J. Diggle was re-elected by a majority of eight; and Dr. Gladstone was chosen vice-chairman in place of Sir Richard Temple, M.P.

A great disappointment awaited the audience who visited St. James's Hall on Dec. 3, to hear the Monday Popular Concert, from Madame Néruda (Lady Hallé) being a sufferer from severe cold, and unable to take part in the concert. A competent substitute was, however, found in M. Straus, and Mozart's famous clarinet quintet in A major was ably led by that experienced musician.

A rich Masonic window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, has been placed in the church of Hinton-Martell, Dorsetshire, in memory of Mr. Henry Charles Burt, the gift of his brother Freemasons. The subject is "The Good Samaritan," with the emblems of the craft in the ornamental surroundings.—In St. Mark's Church, Coburg-road, Old Kent-road, on Dec. 1, a new stained-glass window, the gift of Miss Thrupp, was publicly unveiled.

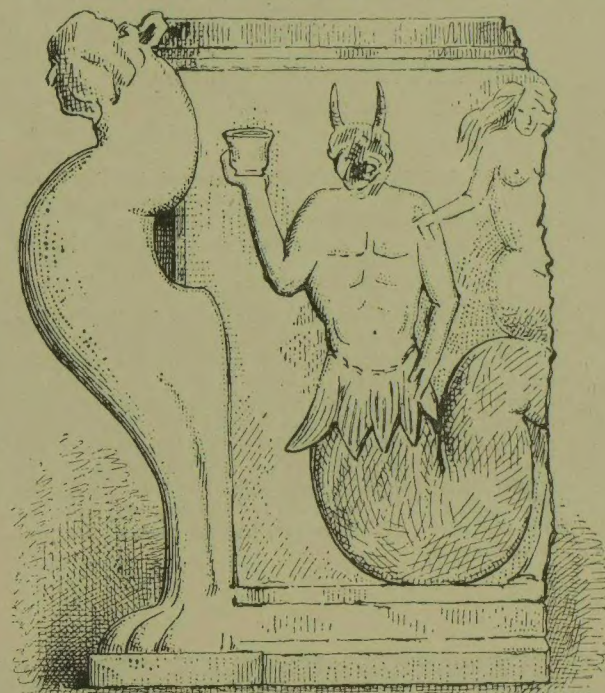
The marriage of Mr. John O. Thursby, son of Sir John Thursby, of Omerod, to Miss Ella Crosse, younger daughter of Colonel Thomas and Lady Mary Crosse, was solemnised on Nov. 28 at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, before a large and fashionable congregation. The bride was conducted to the altar by her father. The bridesmaids were Miss Crosse (sister of the bride), the Misses Garnett (cousins), Miss Sybil Hooper, Miss Thursby and Miss Mary Thursby (sisters of the bridegroom). Miss Margoric Garnett acted as train-bearer. Mr. Powney, of the Guards, attended the bridegroom as best man.

MIRAGE ON THE STEPPES OF ASIA.

A Russian Artist, who has contributed to our Journal several other Views of the peculiar landscape scenery of the Steppes of Central Asia, here represents the curious phenomenon of mirage which has often been observed on extensive dry plains in other parts of the world. It takes place only when the atmosphere is perfectly still, and when the surface of the ground has been long heated by the direct rays of the sun. The lower strata of air become so rarefied by the heat, parting with all moisture, as to form waves or masses with outer curved lines, bending upwards to the sky; and the rays of light from any distant object, around or above, are refracted by these curves—sometimes casting on the ground an image of the clouds, which looks like pools of water; sometimes throwing laterally, as in this instance, very distinct images of neighbouring rocks, or even of moving figures, which seem to hover just above the ground. An army has occasionally been startled by the apparent nearness of another body of troops; or a caravan marching across the desert is met by the reflection of itself crossing the horizon in an opposite direction. A town or fort, with all its buildings, may be discerned seemingly in a position ten or twelve miles from its real situation; and it is said that people on the cliffs at Hastings once saw, in a calm sea, the coast of France, with all its bays and inlets, brought very near to the English shore. These varied effects on sea and land, due to an inversion of the more or less dense layers of the atmosphere, and to the consequent distortion of the rays of light, are not unfrequent on the Steppes during the great heats of summer.

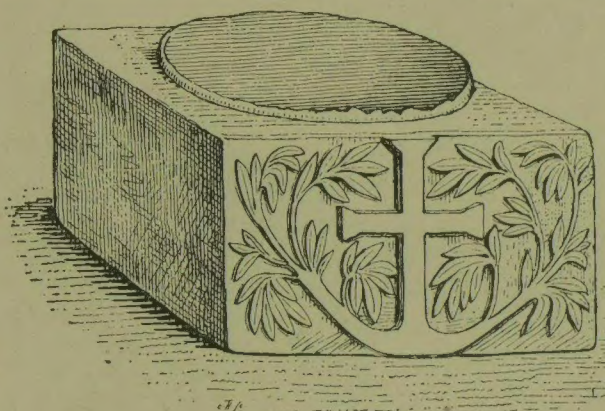
ANTIQUITIES OF TENEDOS.

The small island of Tenedos, off the coast of Asia Minor, just opposite the shore of the famous plain of Troy, is mentioned by Virgil, in the "Æneid," as the gathering-place of the



Part of a Marble Throne (Phœnician) with Figures probably of the Horned Dagon and Astarte.

Grecian fleet preparing for the return home; and it has more than once, in our own times, witnessed the British fleet anchoring in Besika Bay, and there waiting orders to enter the Strait of the Dardanelles. We are favoured by the Rev. B. S. Tucker, R.N., Naval Chaplain to H.M.S. Sultan, with two



Early Greek Christian Font.

drawings recently made by him, representing antique sculptures of some artistic and historic interest, which he saw in a visit to the island. They lie in a courtyard adjacent to a Greek church in Tenedos. Both were dug out of the sand at the landing-place of that port, having evidently served as ballast to some Turkish caïque. They are of white marble: one evidently formed part of a throne; it would seem to be Phœnician in origin. Mr. Tucker suggests that the figures represent Dagon, horned, as an emblem of power; and Astarte, with a fish in her hand, sitting on the bend of Dagon's tail. The other is an early Christian font on which a device in laurel encircles the cross, emblematic of the triumph of Christianity. Both these objects are well worthy of a niche in the British Museum.

The annual presentation of prizes to the 2nd Volunteer Battalion Royal Fusiliers, by Mrs. Robert W. Routledge, will be made on Dec. 13, at St. James's Hall. Viscount Wolsley, the Hon. Colonel; Lord Abinger, commanding the West London Volunteer Brigade, and Generals Sir R. Gipps and Lyon Fremantle will be amongst those present.

At Birmingham, on Dec. 1, the fortieth annual fat cattle show commenced, the show of cattle being the largest held there, and the quality remarkably fine. The Queen has taken four first prizes, four second prizes, and one high commendation. The President's prize and the Elkington Challenge Cup were awarded to Mr. George Wilkin for a two-year-old steer, as the best animal in the cattle classes.—The National Dog Show opened on Dec. 3 in Curzon Hall, with an unprecedented entry of 1245 animals, many of them of high quality.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Monday, Dec. 3.

If the Parisians could only read the foreign newspapers, especially the London dailies, with those wonderful headlines due to the perspicacity of sub-editors, they would be astounded at the events that are taking place amongst them, and to which they pay no heed. The present times are doubtless confused and tumultuous; some people drink openly to the fall of the present régime; Communist Generals, like Cluseret, are candidates for the deputation; a man whose disgrace was thought to be complete, like Wilson, returns calmly to the scene of action and begins to play a rôle that terrifies his less cynical colleagues; Floquet dreams vaguely of a coup-d'état, but instead of taking the thing tragically everybody laughs at the comicality of such a scheme. Meanwhile the anniversary of Dec. 2 comes round. There is talk of transferring Baudin's remains to the Panthéon; and the Municipal Council, in order to affirm its existence as the chief pillar of the Republic, decides to manifest. Very good, says the Government; manifest—under our patronage and protection. And so it was. Great efforts and great preparations were made. Vast forces of police were put on foot. The garrison of Paris were confined to the barracks. The timid were warned to keep their homes for fear of street-fighting. Committees, groups, societies, were enrolled, banners and flags prepared, and a cortège planned. Well, on Sunday, when the great day rose, the Parisians simply did not trouble their heads about the grand manifestation, but went to the races in swarms as usual. The grand procession that was to have numbered 200,000 manifestants did not exceed 15,000 to 20,000. The surging populace that was to have lined the route appeared neither numerous nor enthusiastic, and the cortège itself was as dull, sad, and lugubrious as a funeral procession. The manifestation passed without disorder—so much the better—but instead of being a grand protestation of Republicanism it was rather a manifestation of indifference and ennui. Now-a-days, even the politicians themselves are getting sick of politics. All this is, of course, only the prologue; the real play will begin in 1889, when the peasants intervene in the elections and either confirm the Republic, or go over to Monarchism or to Boulangerism.

The great event of the week at the theatres has been the appearance of Madame Patti at the Opéra in Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette." The audience was, perhaps, a little prejudiced against Patti at the beginning on account of her neglect of Paris during the prime of her talent. However, they did not sulk long over their pleasure, and warmly applauded the *diva*, though it must be confessed that the real hero of the evening was rather the tenor, Jean de Reszke, than Adelina Patti. These Patti performances are the occasion of a considerable scandal, owing to an understanding arrived at between the managers of the Opéra and the ticket speculators. The box-office has hitherto not been opened at all.

The Institute of France has filled up two vacancies by the election of the Vicomte Eugène Melchior de Vogüé to the French Academy, and of M. Gustave Moreau to the Academy of Fine Arts. M. de Vogüé has been the apostle of the modern Russian novelists in France, introducing us by essays, studies, and translations to the spirit of Tolstoi, Dostoievsky, and the Slav novelists of human suffering. M. Gustave Moreau is the visionary and unique painter of "Hélène," "Galathée," "Hérodiade," "King David," "Œdipus"; the painter of myths, of hieratic figures animated by the human dream. M. Moreau is truly a unique painter, and destined to remain such, for his art is too complex, too literary, too intellectual, too symbolic to ever influence widely either artists or general public.

A Polish lady, Mdle. Andzia De Wolska, supported by a committee of ladies, amongst whom are Maréchale Canrobert and Lady Caithness, is founding in Paris a permanent international library of women's works—that is to say, of books in all classes of literature written by women. Mdle. De Wolska asks aid from the public, and especially from authoresses of all nations. Those who wish to learn further details about her interesting project may address her directly at 50, Rue Jacob, Paris.

The cause of physical education is rapidly gaining ground in Paris. The latest move is a project elaborated by the architect Charles Garnier for converting the now deserted site of the Tuileries Palace into a sort of athletic arena, with tracks for foot-races, tennis-courts, cricket-pitches, ball-lawns, &c. The great difficulty that the promoters of athletics seem to find is the want of initiative of the French boy: he does not know how to play at anything.

Louis XV. and Louis XVI. fashions are now quite out of fashion; no more paniers and tabliers, no more Pompadourism. The Directory even scarcely survives at all. The grand *chic* is the stiffness and pseudo-classical simplicity of the Empire; truth pure and unadorned; high waists, plain corsages, plain skirts, the simplest trimmings confined to the hems. For evening costumes, *décolletage* in a point, very small natural coiffure without any *postiches*. Velvet is a fashionable material for all sorts of toilettes. The head-dress is to be a small capote without strings; round the neck a long boa; the outer garment a short velvet jacket or a long tight-fitting redingote of velvet, very plain. In order to wear these Empire garments with grace it is desirable to be thin, very thin. The ideal of an Empire toilette is pure lines.

T. C.

The session of the Spanish Cortes was opened on Nov. 30 by Señor Sagasta, the Premier, who read the Decree of Convocation in both Houses. There was no Speech from the Throne. The Chamber of Deputies subsequently re-elected Señor Martos as President by a majority of 160 votes.

The Federal Council of Berlin has assented to the new Commercial treaty between Switzerland and the German Empire.

The German Emperor and Empress gave a State dinner on Nov. 30 in honour of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir. The Dowager Grand Duchess Maria and Duke John of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and Counts Muraviev and Bismarck were among the invited guests.

The fortieth anniversary of the accession of the Emperor-King Francis Joseph was on Dec. 2 celebrated throughout Austria and Hungary. Special services were held in most of the churches. His Majesty, who passed the day with the Empress at the Castle of Miramare, having requested that no public demonstration should take place, the money which would otherwise have been spent in festivities has been devoted to charitable objects. Their Majesties returned to Vienna on the 3rd. Congratulatory telegrams have been received from all the European Sovereigns.

The Session of the United States Congress was opened at Washington on Dec. 3. President Cleveland's Message strongly reiterates his former views about reducing surplus taxation and reforming the tariff. He says there is no existing subject of dispute with any foreign Power not susceptible of satisfactory adjustment by frank diplomatic treatment.



MR. MONRO, C.B.,
THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF METROPOLITAN POLICE.



THE LATE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.
SEE "OBITUARY."



THE LATE SIR RONALD THOMSON, G.C.M.G.,
BRITISH MINISTER IN PERSIA.

THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF POLICE.

Mr. James Monroe, C.B., has been appointed to succeed Sir Charles Warren as Commissioner of Metropolitan Police. He is a son of the late Mr. George Monroe, solicitor, of Edinburgh, and is just fifty years of age. He entered the Indian Civil Service in 1857, and held both judicial and executive appointments, filling the posts of magistrate and collector, secretary to the Board of Revenue, District and Sessions Judge. Subsequently he became Inspector-General of Police in Bengal, that force numbering upwards of 20,000 men, under European officers, until, five years afterwards, he was appointed Commissioner of the Presidency Division. On several occasions Mr. Monroe received the thanks of the Bengal Government for his services. When Mr. Howard Vincent retired from his position at the head of the Criminal Investigation Department, Mr. Monroe, under the new name of Assistant-Commissioner (Mr. Vincent was Director) was appointed to take his place. His recent resignation of this position was much

regretted, as he had been especially consulted by the Home Office with regard to the proposed improvement in the organisation of the Metropolitan Detective Police staff.

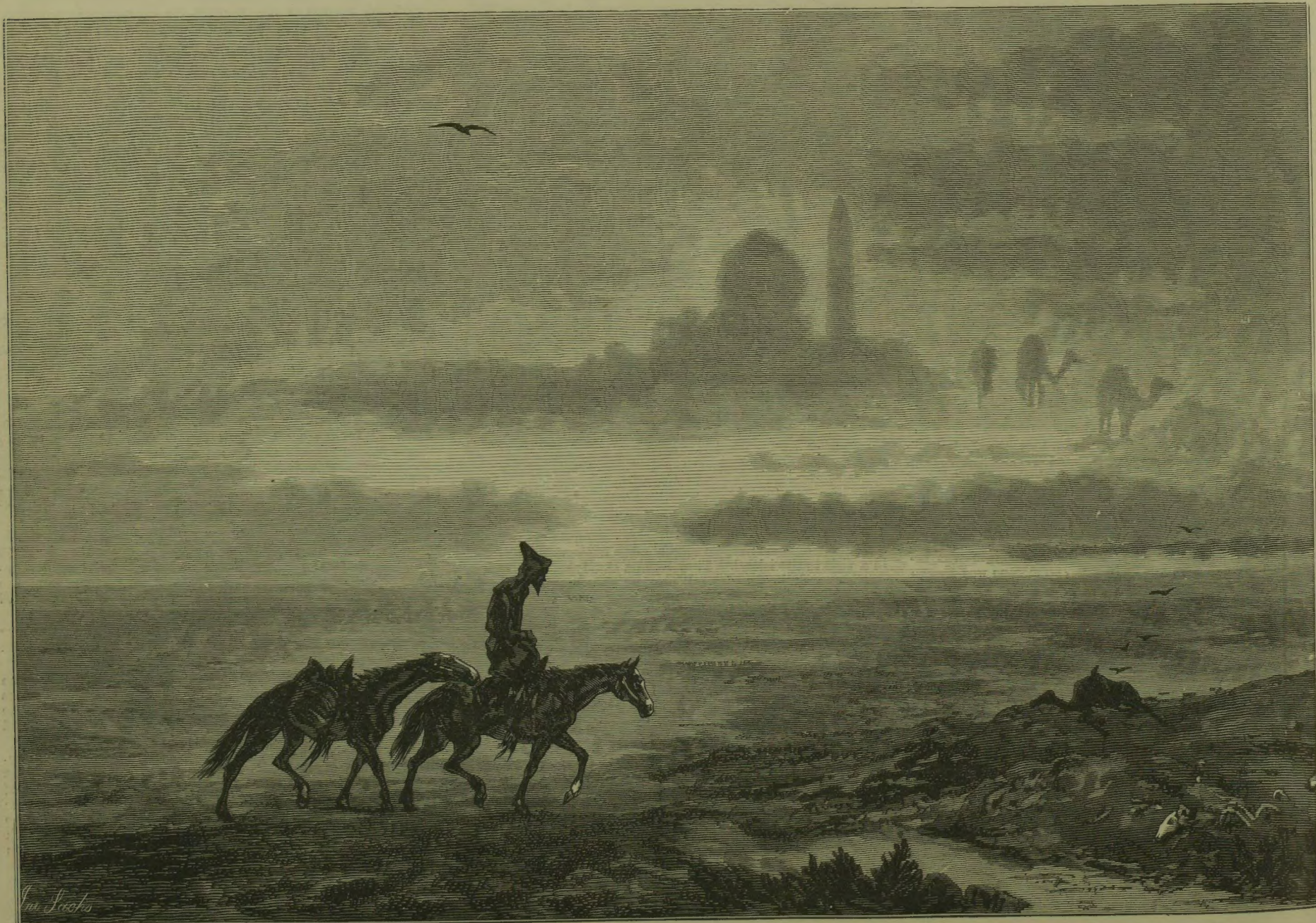
The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

A farewell meeting to a band of workers for the Chinese Inland Mission took place in Exeter Hall on Dec. 3. Mr. T. A. Denny presided, and said that this was the last party of missionaries, and would make fifty-five sent out this year (1888). Death had lately been busy amongst them, and they had lost three missionaries in one month. The Rev. Samuel Clark said that the Chinese people were willing to hear the Gospel preached to them; and he gave his hearers an idea of the vast mission-field that lay before them. Mrs. Clark, the Rev. E. O. Williams, Mrs. Williams, and the other eight ladies who form the party which leaves, having spoken, the proceedings terminated.

THE LATE SIR RONALD THOMSON.

The late Sir Ronald Ferguson Thomson, G.C.M.G., her Majesty's Minister in Persia until a year ago, was one of the best diplomatic servants of this country, but was less known as his career was passed entirely in such an out-of-the-way State as the Shah's dominions. He joined the staff of her Majesty's Legation at the Court of Teheran in 1848, and by the usual slow progress of advancement became Minister in 1879. He was unrivalled in his acquaintance with the Persian language, was most acceptable to the Shah, and had a thorough and intimate knowledge of all our political and commercial interests relating to Persia, and of its affairs in connection with Afghanistan and India. Sir Ronald Thomson was born in 1830, son of the late Mr. David Thomson, of Orkie, Fifeshire; he never married, and lived nearly forty years of his life at Teheran.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Vandyk, of Gloucester-road.



A MIRAGE ON THE STEPPES OF CENTRAL ASIA.



PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING IN NORFOLK: A TOWERING FRENCHMAN.



PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING IN NORFOLK: GOOD AT DRIVEN BIRDS.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert tells a story in his new and original four-act drama called "Brantingham Hall" that probably reads better on paper than it looks on the stage. There was certainly considerable disappointment when the curtain fell on the last act; although long before that time all interest had been exhausted and all hope of a brilliant success was gone. The fault of the play is one almost inseparable from Mr. Gilbert's system of work and view of human nature. He seems determined not to see men and women as they really are, but as they might be under certain given conditions. He takes the exceptional circumstances of life, and thinks they are dramatic because they form an abnormal growth on our civilisation. It is little use to argue with Mr. Gilbert, because on certain points he suffers from colour blindness. He insists upon the actual converse of what is generally accepted; he glories in contradiction and a perverse treatment of the simplest circumstances of life. Take, for instance, his new heroine, Ruth Redmayne. Now, here is a girl brought up and reared in the Australian bush, with a father who is a convict, with companions who are rude stockmen, a girl educated in an atmosphere of freedom, not to say coarseness, and yet Mr. Gilbert would seriously ask us to believe that such a girl frames her phraseology not on what she hears about her, but on what she reads in her family bible! The dramatist does not prepare us for such an astounding surprise; nay, he spoils his own idea of it, and hinders our faith in our guide and instructor. Had he at once wanted to show the simplicity of Ruth's life and her guilelessness, to impress upon us the fact that she dwelt in the "forest primeval," and was to be an Australian Evangeline, he would not surely have started his drama on row, riot, the fighting of bullies, and the quarrelling of rough, uncouth fellows. The very keynote that the author desires to strike is deadened by his own contradictoriness. Mr. Gilbert says that a girl brought up in such surroundings—the companion of a convict, whose ears are daily soiled with the conversation of swearing stockmen—would talk like a perambulating Old Testament, and frame every thought on her best book—"Holy Writ"; common-sense says that the girl would do nothing of the kind, for she does not happen to pass her days with Quakers, Puritans, or Plymouth Brethren, but with semi-savages. There is a further objection. If Mr. Gilbert elected to make his heroine talk in this quaint and curious fashion, should he not at least have explained his reason to his audience in order to have warned them what to expect? But it is positively startling after Mr. Dick Somers and his rowdy companions have had a "set to," and Ruth's lovers have quarrelled and almost come to blows in the most ordinary "you're another" fashion, and when everyone is modern to a fault, to hear Ruth adopting the lingo of the Pilgrim Fathers and preaching out her platitudes as if she were another Hester Prynne or Dorothy Druce. At the close of the first act the majority of the audience were completely befogged over this peculiar phraseology. "Why does Ruth Redmayne talk in that fashion?" anxiously asked the curious. "Oh, don't you know?" was the answer. "Gilbert has explained it all to an interviewer on the *Pall Mall Gazette*!" Well, that is all very well; but a dramatist, as a rule, makes his explanations to his audience.

There is another point, of more serious moment. The great effect of the play, on which so much is built and all depends, is a surprise so exaggerated that it does not commend itself as feasible to an audience. Ruth Redmayne, from the outset, is a very estimable young person. There is not a shadow or taint of suspicion about her character. Butter would not melt in her mouth—and she looks it. No sane person with the slightest study of physiognomy could put her down as a vulgar adventuress. She is the incarnation of all the virtues. Before leaving Australia Ruth marries a Peer's son, in the presence of credible witnesses, the ceremony being performed by a reputable clergyman. Her husband makes a handsome will in her favour, and is then drowned at sea. Hearing of her husband's death, Ruth starts for England with the laudable ambition of becoming reconciled to her husband's father and of redeeming a mortgage on the old Peer's property with the money that her husband has left to her—a most desirable and natural proceeding. A scoundrel who once loved Ruth has a mortgage on the property; so when the honourable woman desires that her inherited money shall be of some value, she finds herself met with extraordinary objections all round. Lord Saxmundham refuses Ruth's offer because he is as obstinate as he is proud. Ralph Crampton refuses to allow the mortgage to be redeemed with Ruth's money—which he could not do. There is only one loophole for escape, and that is for Ruth to marry the detested Ralph. This she positively refuses to do; but, driven into a corner, she resolves to tell a false story of her own shame and infamy merely to transfer her money to her father-in-law. The thing is wholly improbable and unnatural, and Mr. Gilbert sees it as clearly as anybody, for he makes a common-sense spectator very fairly observe that Ruth is doing no one any very particular favour by lending her own money on mortgage. She has money to invest, and here she has a very good investment. There was no need for her to deny her truth, fame, and good name in order to open the eyes of an obstinate old nobleman, and to crush an enemy who quotes bad law in order to frighten an antagonist. Now, this is a very weak foundation on which to build a play. No one is deceived by Ruth Redmayne's act of self-sacrifice. Not a human being believes in it. The audience quickly sees that the characters surrounding her do not believe her transparent renunciation of self. Even if there were no marriage certificate or will in existence to prove conclusively that the girl was uttering a pious falsehood her very looks would belie her. Saints do not suddenly and impetuously become sinners in this fashion. With this surprise the author has let off his only important firework. It faints, fizzles, and it goes out. There is no more to be done; and when it is found in the last act that the drowned hero and husband comes to life again in a very ordinary and common-place fashion it cannot be surprising that the play, from which so much had been expected, was found to be unreasonable and unattractive. It is not at all impossible that Ruth Redmayne should act as she does in this play; but it is in the highest degree improbable without a far stronger motive than is here shown. An author who desires to catch us in the toils of a surprise should carefully, and with artistic subtlety, lead up to it.

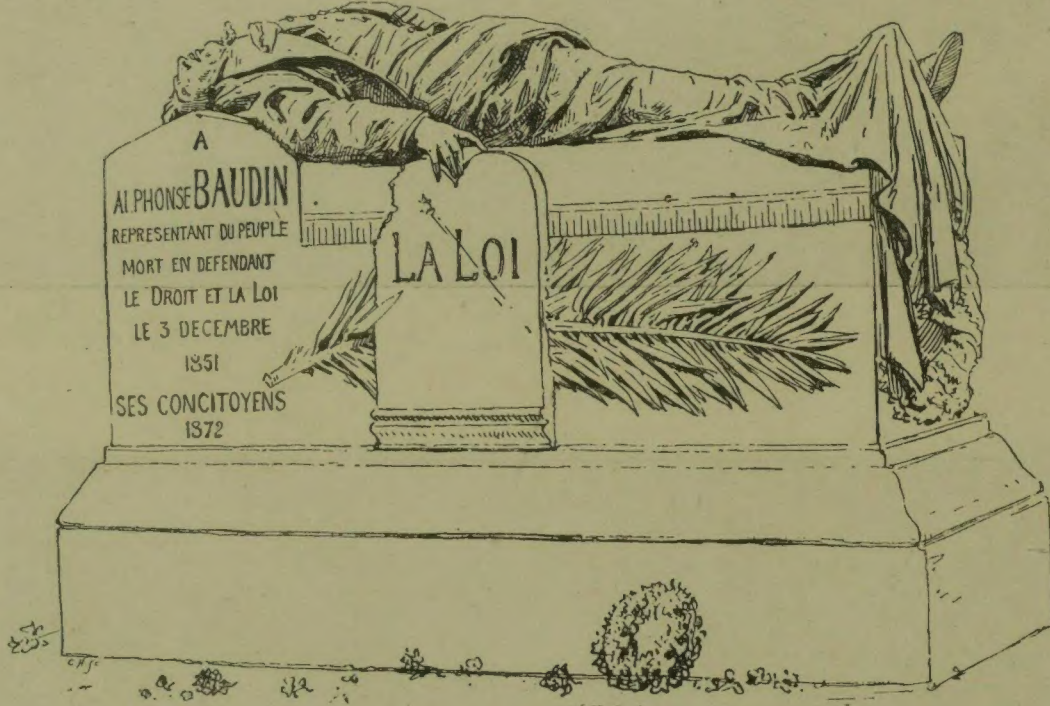
PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING IN NORFOLK.

There has been much controversy of late among the critics of sport on the relative merits of "driving," as against shooting over dogs. In former days, when long stubble formed covert for the crouching partridges, the services of pointers and setters were necessary to find the birds; but now, a well-directed "drive" affords many more shots than were to be got by the old-fashioned method. Another innovation is that of ladies wielding the smooth-bore. We leave our readers to form their own conclusions as to the propriety of this practice, as well as to consult their own predilection in the matter of driving or finding their game. In either case, with regard to the general principle, if we remember the authentic accounts of Royal and noble hunting-parties in English deer-parks in the Tudor and Plantagenet reigns, there is some precedent for applying similar customs to the killing of partridges or pheasants. For the deer were usually driven by a host of beaters; while the Queen, the Princesses, and the ladies of the Court did not disdain to exercise their skill in archery at the expense of those gentle beasts; as we see the Princess, in Shakespeare's play of "Love's Labour's Lost," taking her stand for this ladylike pastime:—

Thou forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?
FORESTER—Hereby, upon the edge of yonder copple;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
PRINCESS—I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot.
And thereupon, thou speak'st, the fairest shot.
But come, the bow! Now, mercy would not kill,
So shooting well may be accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot;
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose, sought to kill.

THE BAUDIN MONUMENT IN PARIS.

In the perpetration of that act of treachery and ruthless violence by which Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, sworn President of the French Republic, on Dec. 2, 1851, usurped despotic power, the soldiery under the command of General St. Arnaud met with some unavailing resistance. Barricades were thrown up against them in the streets of Paris; there was a little fighting, and a great deal of massacre. Several members of the Legislative Assembly joined personally in the combat. One of these, M. Baudin, was killed fighting in the Faubourg



TOMB OF BAUDIN.

St. Antoine; and a monument to his honour, which has now been erected over his tomb in the Cemetery of Montmartre, was unveiled on Sunday, Dec. 2, the thirty-seventh anniversary of his death. Our Paris Correspondent's letter gives some account of the proceedings. It is a recumbent statue of the slain political martyr, laid on drapery which falls in heavy folds over the pedestal. There is an inscription on a shield as follows:—"To Alphonse Baudin, Representative of the people, killed while defending justice and law, Dec. 2, 1851. His fellow-citizens, 1872." The last-mentioned date is that of the resolution to provide this monument, which was adopted a year or two after the restoration of the French Republic. M. Aimé Millet is the sculptor by whom this monument was designed; there is also to be a monument in the Panthéon.

In our description of Messrs. Pears' new buildings in Oxford-street, it should have been stated that the mosaic was laid by Messrs. Diespeker and Co., of 40, Holborn Viaduct.

Last year 15,300 lb. of smuggled tobacco were seized and burned in what is known as "The Queen's Pipe," the value being £4206, exclusive of duty.

Mr. H. Graves, the captain of Derby School, who had the honour of presenting a Latin address to the Prince of Wales on the occasion of the late Royal visit, has been elected to a Classical Open Exhibition at Balliol College, Oxford.

Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P., took the chair on Dec. 4 at the annual dinner of the Peterboro' Benevolent Society. The sum of £115 was collected in the room, and the proceedings were of a most successful character.

The Duke of Devonshire has issued a circular to his Irish tenantry, informing them that he has decided to grant an abatement of 20 per cent in their rents now payable. He gave a reduction of 25½ per cent last year, and 27½ per cent the year previous.

A special entertainment, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Davies, is announced for Monday, Dec. 10, at St. Andrew's Hall, Newman-street, to provide the poor of St. Pancras with Christmas dinners. Many ladies and gentlemen have offered their services, and there is a good programme.

Owing to ill-health, Sir Thomas M'Ilwraith, the Queensland Premier, has resigned the offices of Chief Secretary and Colonial Treasurer, retaining, however, the position of Vice-President of the Executive Council. He has left Brisbane on a trip to China and Japan, which will probably extend over four months. The party leadership will now be assumed by the Hon. B. D. Morehead, the Colonial Secretary, who will also discharge the duties of Premier and Chief Secretary. The Hon. W. Pattison, who has previously been a member of the Cabinet without portfolio, will be Colonial Treasurer.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

London has in December rarely been so lively, from a social point of view, as it is now. Honourable members may, not unnaturally, sigh for a sunny in lieu of an inky sky, the badgered Leader of the House being particularly deserving of commiseration. But, whilst Parliament sits, West-End tradesmen rub their hands with glee, and theatrical managers running ephemeral pieces fairly rejoice, and, in some cases, "ride the high horse," unapprehensive of the "killing frost" that will possibly arrive for some when Parliament prorogues.

The week that opened in the Commons with the cool attempt of Jeremiah Sullivan to serve a writ in the Lobby on coy Mr. Sheehy ended, not inappropriately, in a farcical scene or two. On the penultimate night of November, the debate on the third reading of the Irish Land Purchase Bill was interrupted by an unusually exciting episode. A baseless rumour spread from bench to bench among the Liberals and Irish Home Rulers that Lord Compton had won the Holborn Election; and loud cheers burst forth, and were renewed again and again. The halloo was premature, to say the least of it. The late Colonel Duncan's seat was gained by a majority of 965 by the Conservative and Unionist candidate, Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C., and when the true report reached the Treasury bench, Mr. Smith and the Ministerialists made the glass roof vibrate with their cheers. A Saturday sitting was necessary on the First of December, and that dramatic demagogue, Mr. Robert Galligad Bontine Cunningham Graham, was ordered by the Speaker to withdraw from the House for the use of a decidedly un-Parliamentary expression.

The House of Lords—lucky in having to meet only on Tuesdays during this extra Session—quickly passed the Parliamentary Oaths Bill on the Fourth of December; that measure being in the capable hands of Earl Spencer, who has, by-the-way, the credit or otherwise of having converted Earl Granville to Home Rule, and whose platform oratory is unquestionably increasing his influence as a Liberal leader.

In the hushed chamber of the Peers, Lord Ashbourne, the vigorous father of the Irish Land Purchase Bill, experienced but a faint subdued measure of the stern opposition offered to the conditions of the Five Millions loan in the Commons. The noble and learned Lord, whose grey hair offers a singular contrast to his hale and hearty appearance, has a breezy style of speaking that is very prepossessing. Lord Ashbourne's recommendations of this measure of amelioration, really only an extension of the Ashbourne Act, were met by the Earl of Aberdeen and Earl Spencer with the earnest pleas for Irish tenants in arrears strenuously urged by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell in the Lower House. The Bill was read the second time, however, by the Lords without division.

The Earl of Onslow (whose urbanity, tact, and deep interest in our Colonial Empire should make him a most acceptable Governor of New Zealand) has an efficient successor as Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade in Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who is said to have declined the Governorship of Queensland for family reasons. Not the least of the Marquis of Salisbury's high qualifications for the Premiership is his happy knack of selecting able Ministers from the increasing circle of rising young statesmen.

The Soudan difficulty inherited by the present Government from their predecessors in office threatens to be as perilous to this Ministry as it was to the Gladstone Administration. That extremely zealous and energetic Liberal debater and Home-Rule advocate, Mr. John Morley, approaches this complicated Egyptian problem with a clear conscience. He joined Mr. John Bright in deploring and condemning British intervention in Egypt. Mr. Morley had, accordingly, a moral right to rise from the midst of his Gladstonian colleagues, on the First of December, to warmly deprecate the projected new expedition to Souakim, with its probable result of a fresh series of massacres in the vicinity of that beleaguered seaport. Sir James Fergusson, Mr. Edward Stanhope, and Mr. W. H. Smith answered that it was necessary to send the military reinforcements for the protection of the population of Souakim; but the Government had to endure rear and flank attacks from Lord Charles Beresford and Lord Randolph Churchill. As it was, there was but the small Ministerial majority of 35 against Mr. John Morley. Encouraged presumably by the smallness of this majority, and strengthened by his strong aversion to all Soudan expeditions and Egyptian entanglements, Lord Randolph Churchill on the Fourth of December took the unusual step of moving the adjournment as a practical protest against the inadequacy of sending a single British battalion to Souakim, especially against the advice of the Home military authorities. Mr. Stanhope replied that our military authorities in Egypt had sanctioned the course adopted. But Lord Randolph Churchill was supported by Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Gladstone (who had returned to town the previous day to strongly attack the Irish administration of Mr. Balfour); and, although Lord Hartington stanchly defended the Government, Ministers could only count a majority of 42—sign of breakers ahead for the Ministry.

The Borough of Birmingham and the Burgh of Dundee have been raised to the rank of cities.

The Research, a surveying vessel, was launched at Chatham Dockyard on Dec. 4, with engines and boilers on board. She is to be employed first in making a new survey of the English Channel and the Scilly Islands.

Punch's Almanack, garnished with the lively wit of Mr. F. C. Burnand, presents a dainty dish of artistic humour by the deservedly popular comic artists of *Punch*, the chief cartoon, "New London," being an admirable example of Mr. John Tenniel's refined, finished, and characterful style.

The entertainment at the Brompton Hospital on Tuesday, Dec. 4, consisted of Sullivan's "Cox and Box," well performed by Messrs. Charleton, Freeman, and London, to the great enjoyment of the patients. The entertainment on the 11th will be under the direction of Mrs. Fraser, with an excellent programme.

On Dec. 4, the first Tuesday in Advent, the annual performance of Spohr's oratorio "The Last Judgment" was given in St. Paul's Cathedral, at a special evening service. The solos and choruses were sung by the ordinary choir, accompanied by a small band, without the organ, which was only used for the other portions of the service. Dr. Martin, the organist of the cathedral, conducted. There was an enormous congregation.

THE VOLCANIC REGION OF HAWAII.

We have again to speak of that interesting group of islands, half-way across the Pacific Ocean from the western coast of Mexico to the Chinese Archipelago, in the 20th degree of latitude north of the Equator, which forms the native Kingdom of Hawaii. The name belongs to the whole of the small nation, now dwindled to 70,000, inhabiting the larger island, Hawaii proper, the island of Oahu, which contains the capital and well-known commercial port of Honolulu, and the islands of Maui, Molokai, Lanai, Kauai, and Nihau, with many smaller isles of no account. These were formerly called the Sandwich Islands—after their discovery by Captain Cook, who met his death by the spear of a savage at Hawaii, the name being spelt "Owhyhee" in old books of geography and travel. Since 1819, the ruling class of natives have professed Christianity, and some progress has been made in civilisation. King Kalakaua, and Queen Kapiolani, and the ex-Queen Emma, who are educated persons and have travelled in Europe, are no strangers to good English society. The Anglo-American colony at Honolulu, including missionaries and teachers of every Protestant religious denomination, enjoys the Royal favour and exercises a beneficial influence. But our purpose just now is especially to present a few illustrations of the amazing natural phenomena of volcanic action in the mountain region of the island of Hawaii, which is not usually visited by those who sojourn for a few days at Honolulu. For these illustrations we are indebted to Mr. Scott B. Wilson, a scientific and practical botanist and naturalist, well known to the Zoological Society of London,

we believe, and to the Natural History Museum; who, in September and October, 1887, explored the great volcano of Kilauea, and took a series of photographic views. He sent us also views of the neighbourhood of Honolulu, with several specimens of the peculiar vegetation, the algaroba, the bread-fruit-tree, and the "Dianella ensifolia," belonging to these islands, and portraits of the Hawaiian native people.

The best description of the volcanic region of Hawaii is to be found in Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming's book, "Fire-Fountains," published in two volumes by Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons in 1883—a work of great interest, written in a vigorous and agreeable style, and containing valuable information concerning the principal islands, the kingdom and its inhabitants, and their manners and customs, as well as these wonders of nature. The mountains, of which the highest summit, Mauna Loa, has an elevation of 14,000 ft., are approached by a very gradual ascent from the seashore at Hilo, a journey of thirty miles. Passing through a belt of tropical forest, and a tract of coarse grassy downs, with occasional swamps, one comes upon a great rocky plain intersected by hardened streams of black lava, the huge blocks of which are strewn about the country for many miles. At an elevation of 4000 ft. lies the immense active crater of Kilauea, the largest in the world. It is a huge sunken pit, nine miles in circumference, the walls of which, 600 ft. deep, are precipitous, and the bottom, of a bluish grey colour, is a floor of hot lava; in its centre is the Lake of Fire, called Halemaumau, enclosed by a circle of high crags, ever and again changing their shapes as fresh masses of molten lava are thrown up from beneath. This, however, is often concealed by the dense clouds of steam con-

tinually arising: it is only by the aid of a favourable wind that, from some point or other, a distinct view of the crater may be obtained. The abyss, of unknown depth, is filled with flames or waves of fire, which at night cast an awful reflection on the clouds of vapour; but this is only at the time of an active eruption. There are times when the fire recedes into the earth, and Miss Gordon-Cumming, with her guides and companions, was then able to descend into the pit, and to walk over the ridges and billows of lava-crust, to climb the inner circle of crags, and to look down into the crater, where she saw only steam and smoke, with frequent jets and flashes of bluish fire, and a sort of fire-spray—now white, now glowing red, now yellow—licking the sides of the rocks. The continual alternations in the internal condition and in the aspect of Halemaumau, and likewise of Mauna Hua-lei-lei, which has twenty craters—one a mile in circumference, the others much smaller—are to be remembered in comparing the accounts of different travellers. A crater usually finishes by forming a perforated cone of lava which rises from the bottom of its pit, and which may be 500 ft. high. Miss Gordon-Cumming, on a second visit to Halemaumau, saw the new formation of many such cones and domes, a new lake and new rivers of liquid lava, where she had been able to walk in safety not many days before. The other celebrated volcano, Mauna Loa, with its crater, which is called Mokua-weo-weo, near the summit, differs considerably from Kilauea, and is not always in action; but its notable eruptions from 1789 to 1877, of which an historical account has been compiled by the Rev. Titus Coan, especially the great eruption of 1868, and the later tremendous outburst in 1880 and 1881, are famous enough.



FIXING TELEGRAPHIC WIRES ON TREES IN THE FOREST OF LÜBLIN, RUSSIA.

RUSSIAN MILITARY TELEGRAPHS.

The Vienna newspapers continue their reports of considerable movements of Russian troops from the Charkov military district to those of Kiev and Moscow, and thence to the western frontiers. Our correspondent, the Artist who furnishes a Sketch of Russian field-telegraph operations, recently travelled from Lüblin, in Russian Poland, to Bobrowinski and Schelekov, on the borders of Galicia, and found the woods near the last-mentioned place occupied by eleven reserve battalions, extending to Kaluschin. It was here that he saw a section company of one of the "parks" of field-telegraph laying the line through the forest. They made use of the trees growing along the line, to fix the wires to them, and only erected poles on the open ground where no trees were growing. The space included in the triangle between Konstantinov, Kazatin, and Nemerinka, confronting Lemberg, would constitute the most likely strategic base for an advance on Austria, as the base of an advance into Roumania would be the position between Kishineff and Bender. The Russian Army possesses seventeen parks of field-telegraph, each in two sections, with sixty-nine kilometres of wire. Three are kept at Akerman, near Odessa; three at Shitomir, in the province of Kiev, and others at Warsaw, at Lüblin, and at Bobrowinski. The present concentration of troops in the military districts of Wilna, Warsaw, and Kiev, provides a large force ready for operations in case of war with Germany and Austria; but we hope that the peace of Europe will not be disturbed.

The Board of Trade have received, through the Foreign Office, a silver medal and diploma which have been awarded to Captain Vincent James, of the schooner Myamvy, of Port Natal, for his services in rescuing the crew of the Italian brig Papa Risetto, in the Atlantic Ocean, on May 23 last.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

The following are the lecture arrangements before Easter:—Professor Dewar, six lectures (adapted to a juvenile auditory) on "Clouds and Cloudland"; Professor G. J. Romanes, twelve lectures, constituting the second part of a course, on "Before and After Darwin (The Evidences of Organic Evolution and the Theory of Natural Selection)"; Professor J. W. Judd, four lectures on "The Metamorphoses of Minerals"; Dr. Sidney Martin, four lectures on "The Poisonous Action of Albuminoid Bodies, including those formed in Digestion"; Professor J. H. Middleton, four lectures on "Houses and their Decoration from the Classical to the Mediæval Period"; Professor Ernst Pauer, four lectures on "The Characters of the Great Composers and the Characteristics of their Works" (with illustrations on the pianoforte); and eight lectures by the Right Hon. Lord Rayleigh, on "Experimental Optics" (Polarization; the Wave Theory). The Friday evening meetings will begin on Jan. 25, when a discourse will be given by Professor G. H. Darwin; succeeding discourses will probably be given by Professor W. C. McIntosh, Sir William Thomson, Professor A. W. Rücker, Mr. Harold Crichton Browne, Professor Oliver Lodge, Professor Archibald Geikie, the Rev. Alfred Ainger, the Right Hon. Lord Rayleigh, and other gentlemen.

The authorities of Milan Cathedral, on the recommendation of an international jury, have selected the design of Signor Brentano, of Milan, for the rebuilding of the west façade. Thirteen other competitors have been awarded prizes from 4000 fr. to 2000 fr. Of these, Mr. D. Brade, of Kendal, is the only English competitor.

Santa Claus has taken up his abode for the Christmas Holidays at Olympia, the vast arena of which is completely filled with an enormous bazaar. The receptions of fair little

Dollie Daisie Dimple in the centre of Hinde's English toy exhibits, and the gaily-costumed girls who preside at the stalls; the Irish Village for the sale of the tasteful woollen and other work by Irish peasants, organised for the Countess of Aberdeen by Mr. J. S. Wood; and the Oriental café and lounge are among the most attractive features of the bazaar proper. A band enlivens the proceedings, and in the evening promenade concerts take place; whilst the entertainments are diversified by marionette and minstrelsy performances.

Messrs. De la Rue's publications are happy combinations of beauty and use. Their pocket-books and diaries for 1889 are as tasteful as ever and are brimful of useful every-day information.

The Craven Fellowship at Oxford for the present year has been awarded to Mr. Henry Arthur Tubbs, B.A., of Pembroke College. The fellowship is tenable for two years, with an annual stipend of £200. Mr. William Henry Hadow, M.A., assistant tutor and lecturer at Worcester College, has been elected to an official (tutorial) fellowship.

Among the Christmas and New-Year cards and dainty books just issued may be noted, for their special excellence, the art-novelties of Messrs. Prang and Co., of Boston, U.S.A., published by Mr. Arthur Ackermann, of Regent-street; those of Messrs. Castell Brothers, of Warwick-lane and Paternoster-square; of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, of Coleman-street and Paris and New York; of Mr. Harding, of Piccadilly, whose productions are chiefly devoted to British sports and pastimes; of Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., of London, Belfast, and New York; and of Messrs. John Walker and Co., of Farringdon House, Warwick-lane—the latter firm publishing also "The Goodchild Family at Home," an amusing game for children. Mr. Tom Smith and Co., famed for their Christmas crackers, have produced some striking novelties, specially prepared for the ensuing festive season.



1. Basin of Volcanic Craters and Crags, Halemaumau.
2. Lake of Fire, with Lava Overflowing.

3. Hawaiian Geese.
4. Natives of Hawaii.

5. Avenue of Algaroba Trees at Honolulu.
6. Judge Bickerton's Residence, Honolulu.

7. *Dianella Ensifolia*, at Volcano House.
8. Breadfruit Tree.



"OLIVIA."—PICTURE BY F. SEIFERT.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

It is only by courtesy that the winter exhibition at this gallery can be regarded as one of "sketches and studies." The majority of the works are finished pictures; and the most important "studies" are those of Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Burne-Jones, and Mr. Poynter, in which water-colours play no part. With this reservation, we must admit that the exhibition is a very good one, and that the general level of the works is above, rather than below, the usual average. It may or may not be regarded as a reproach to the members of the "Old Society" that they continue to abound in the vein in which they made their reputation. We must remember, too, that water-colour painting is subjected to narrower limitations than oil-painting, and that a master of his art is to be tested rather by the powers which he exhibits in his treatment than by attempts to invade the domain of others. Thus we know instinctively that in an exhibition of the "Old Society" we shall meet with Mr. Alfred Hunt's poetic rendering of Nature, by Mr. Stacey Marks's humorous drawing of character, or Mr. Charles Robertson's realistic treatment of Oriental life. Of each and all these we have abundant instances on the present occasion, and find no reason to complain either of the "cooks or the viands." It is, however, another matter whether the "Old Society" does not show too much jealousy of younger men, and whether there is not some fear of its perishing from inanition in the future, because the managers of the present will not attract more brilliant recruits. The danger which awaits a "Hermit Society" is that, being closed against external influences, and being helpless in its efforts to direct contemporary art and taste, it will awake some day to find it too late to renew relations or to act in sympathy with the outer world.

Foremost among the pictures in point of size as well as importance is Mr. Burne-Jones's "Caritas" (30), a striking application of water colours, and by the help of body-colour and other expedients producing a surface which obliges one to ask in what it differs from the results of oil-painting. The subject, that of a young and beautiful mother nursing two children, whilst four others find refuge in the folds of her ample dress, is admirably suited to Mr. Burne-Jones's art. He has caught with no slight success the touch of those early painters who, delighting in symbolism, yet remained "humanists"; and it is the essentially true type of womanhood here portrayed which constitutes the picture's chief charm. Its colour is subdued throughout, with a suggestion of warmth in the red dress, and of comfort in the ample folds of the dark cloak. The children are charming modern renderings of Raffaele's cherubs; and, although the lines are here and there hard, in the case of the most prominent of the children clinging to the woman's skirt, the left leg is not only distorted but disproportioned to its companion; whilst in one of the nursed children the leg is stiff and lifeless. The various studies, chiefly in black and white, by Mr. Burne-Jones and Sir F. Leighton, which occupy nearly the whole of the end of the room, are especially useful as throwing light upon the different ways in which the President of the Royal Academy and the chief of the eclectics compose their works. In almost every figure from the former's pencil the idea is conveyed that he has kept before his eyes the solid figure—whether in life or model; whilst Mr. Burne-Jones has sought his types through mere surface studies on paper, and that having once caught the expression he desired he worked from his drawing to his picture. In fact, we see in Sir F. Leighton the full appreciation of the artist for the sculptor's work, and the belief that it is through sculpture that painting becomes real. Mr. Poynter suggests a third method—that of the advanced drawing-book style—which, doubtless, produces great accuracy of measurement, but seldom excites admiration.

In a series of ten works Mr. Alfred Hunt shows his striking power of translating Nature in her many moods. In the little study of "Mont St. Michel" (6) we have only the winding steps which lead down to a cottage door painted with a daintiness and delicacy which Mrs. Allingham might envy; in "Whitby Smoke" (76) we have one of those studies of atmosphere of which Mr. Hunt has long shown himself the master, of which a still finer example with larger effects is to be found in his "Whitby from the Sands" (92) under the pale moonlight; whilst "Robin Hood's Bay" (172) affords him a wide expanse of sea with the jutting headland rising cold and bleak out of the silver sea. In his "Schloss Elz" (188), nestling under the lee of a high hill, we have a delicate study of foliage; and in the "Way to the Maelström" (196) and from "The East Pier" (203) the wash of the angry waters is rendered with more energy and movement than we are accustomed to find in Mr. Hunt's work. Mr. Albert Goodall is scarcely less numerous represented, and in nearly all we see his wonderful resources in dealing with clouds and sunlight. His three most distinctive works are "Pilatus" (38), from its base, near Stanstadt; a richly-coloured view of "Lucca" (158), and a grand study of storm-clouds over the picturesque "City of Durham" (187). Mr. Thorne Waite is still as much at home as ever on the Sussex Downs, producing aerial effects which few can rival; but in "Dividing the Flock" (22) and the "Hampshire Cornfield" (239) there is too marked a tendency to see all Nature in one yellow tone. Miss Clara Montalba marks a new departure in her views of Sweden, and finds in its pale skies subjects well suited to her style. The first of the series, "A Swedish Fishing-Village" (78), is a somewhat daring attempt, and must only be regarded as a sort of introductory vignette to her views of "The Royal Palace at Stockholm" (108), "Marstrand" (267) on an autumn day, and "The Distant View of Stockholm" (181)—as seen from the sea. The weak point of Miss Montalba's work is a certain monotony in composition—each scene being built up, as it were, on the same scaffolding. It is, therefore, with sincere pleasure that we see her breaking away, now and then, in such works as the study of "The Autumn Woods near Näs" (105) and in the "Rough Weather off Marstrand" (112), where the waves are beating on the granite headland. Mr. Stacey Marks, although always painstaking and generally humorous, is scarcely up to his usual level; even "The Casket" (321)—a man in a buff jerkin and red cap, intent upon the contents of the box he is rifling—shows more industry than imagination. Mr. Glindoni, a far inferior artist, in a technical sense, is more likely to hit popular taste by his "Solo" (19)—a man laboriously blowing a bassoon—and by his "Height of Fashion" (14), a lady of the last century evidently enjoying her clothes. Mr. Charles Robertson, who is one of the latest and most promising recruits of the Old Society, is strongly represented; but, in spite of his well-intended English landscapes, one turns with greater satisfaction to such highly-finished, brilliantly-coloured studies of Eastern life as "The Bazaar at Cairo" (119), and the still more beautiful "Harem Door" (209), half hidden amongst the bright poppies. Amongst the old favourites who show no falling off in their powers must be mentioned Mr. William Collingwood, Mrs. Allingham, Mr. William Callow, Mr. Walter Field, Mr. S. P. Jackson, Mr. Wilmot Pilsbury, Mr. Cuthbert

Rigby, Mr. Eyre Walker, and Mr. J. D. Watson; but their work calls for no special notice, although it bears witness to the high standard water-colour painting sustained by the Old Society. Amongst those who are less numerous represented, but whose works deserve, for that reason perhaps, greater attention, should be mentioned Mr. Matthew Hale, Mr. Tom Lloyd, Mr. David Murray, Miss Constance Phillott, and Miss Edith Martineau. Many well-known names—those of Mr. George Boyce, Mr. Carl Haag, Mr. J. W. North, and others—are absent, but those who are represented well sustain the reputation of the society; and the public, at all events, will have no reason to complain that finished works form the bulk of the exhibition instead of "sketches and studies."

At Messrs. Tooth's galleries (5 and 6, Haymarket) a collection of pictures and studies by Mr. Richard Beavis now fills the outer room. These works are the results of three years' wanderings in Spain and Portugal, and it must be admitted that the artist has turned his time to good account. From Belem Castle, at the mouth of the Tagus, to Barcelona, on the far-distant east coast, Mr. Beavis has jogged pleasantly along, picking up bits of quaint customs, of bold scenery, and of picturesque antiquities. He has caught with great skill the bright skies, the graceful inhabitants, and the arid soil of the Peninsula; and his views of Cordova, Valencia, Cadiz, and Malaga will revive pleasant recollections in the minds of those who have had the good fortune to visit these spots, and may serve to give a more accurate idea of what Spain really appears to travellers than the descriptions of the most painstaking writers from Beckford to Mr. O'Shea.

The Committee of the Reform Club have consented to lend to the approaching exhibition at Burlington House Mr. Frank Holl's full-length portrait of Mr. John Bright, which adorns the Club-house. This portrait, which was painted about half-a-dozen years ago, belongs to what is known as the artist's later style; and Mr. Holl was accustomed to rank it as one of the most important and successful of his works. Mr. Bright is represented seated beside a table, on which are books and papers, resting his head upon his hand.

The picture of Wagner in his home at Wahnfried, painted by Professor Beckmann, is now on view for a short time at Messrs. Ibach's Gallery (113, Oxford-street), and will probably have considerable interest for many of the master's admirers. In this family group—which includes Madame Wagner, Abbé Liszt, and Hans Von Wolzogen—the incident chosen for the picture is the moment of the completion of the opera "Parsifal," of which Liszt holds the manuscript, and congratulates the composer, who has just risen from the piano. Wagner is not represented in any of those wonderful garments of which we have recently heard so much tittle-tattle, but in simple velvet coat and white waistcoat; and altogether the simple scene gives an idea of Wagner's domestic life which well deserves a lasting memorial.

Fräulein von Hörschelmann, who comes to this country from Berlin with the recommendations and good wishes of the Empress Frederick and the Court circle, has been giving an exhibition of her varied powers. A lecture (in French) on the spirit of the Renaissance was followed by recitations in German, Italian, and English, all of which, though in different degrees, seemed to be appreciated by the audience. Our own impression is that Fräulein von Hörschelmann will do well to recognise the fact that London lies nearer to Paris than does Berlin; and that this proximity, as well as other causes, brings before English audiences French men and women who deal with similar subjects. The English ear, moreover, accustomed to listen to M. Renan, M. Andrieux, and M. Coquelin, and having at this moment the *conférences* of Mlle. Blazé de Bury at their disposition, will be scarcely disposed to go in search of French declamations from one not to the manner born. Fräulein von Hörschelmann's knowledge of the history of art might, we think, be advantageously combined with her fluency in German to give lectures in that language; but to be successful in this country she must resolutely turn away from that diluted word-painting which has invaded contemporary German criticism. The specimen she herself gave—from Madame von Puttkamer's essay, "Chopin and his Art"—scarcely said more in four pages than the Frenchman who tersely described the exile's music and despondency in a foreign land as "Les larmes de la Pologne sur l'asphalte de Paris."

Mr. Francis Fleming, C.M.G., at present administering the Government of Mauritius, has been appointed Colonial Secretary of that colony; and Mr. Edward Rawle Drayton, a member of the Executive Council of the island of Grenada.

The Board of Trade have received through the Consul-General for Sweden and Norway, three silver medals of the third class, which have been awarded by the Norwegian Government to J. Z. Guttessen, master, Alfred King, mate, and Frank Russling, seaman, of the fishing-smack Volunteer, of Grimsby, in recognition of their services in rescuing in the North Sea, in March, 1887, two men of the crew of the wrecked Norwegian vessel Fri, of Fredrikstad.

Miss Lyons, daughter of Major-General Lyons, commanding the Western District, on Nov. 30 performed the christening ceremony of the launch, at Devonport, of the Sharpshooter, a new gun-vessel for the Royal Navy. The Sharpshooter is similar to the Sandfly and Spider, but of improved construction. Her length is 230 ft.; breadth, 27 ft.; displacement, 730 tons. She is built of steel throughout, and will carry two 36-pounders and four 3-pounder quick-firing guns; and has on the bow a torpedo-tube, as well as a pair of torpedo-tubes on each broadside. The vessel is expected to develop a speed of twenty-one knots per hour with forced draught.

The following appointments have been gazetted:—Mr. James Joseph Ensley, Consul at Hiogo and Osaka; Mr. John James Quin, Consul at Nagasaki; Mr. John Carey Hall, Consul at Hakodate and Neegata; Mr. Thomas Watters, Consul at Newchwang; Mr. Alexander Frater, Consul at Ningpo; Mr. Edward Lavington Oxenham, Consul at Kiungchow; Mr. Benjamin Charles George Scott, Consul at Chefoo; Mr. Colin Mackenzie Ford, Consul at Wuhu; Mr. Henry Barnes Bristow, Consul at Chinkiang; and Mr. Charles Walter Everard, Vice-Consul at Pagoda Island.

A handsome brass tablet has been placed in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral in memory of the late Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn. It was designed and carried out by Messrs. Frank Smith and Co., of Southampton-street, Strand, and bears a simple inscription, surrounded by a bordering of laurel-leaves, and headed by the helmet and bannerets of the Royal Horse Guards, of which regiment the deceased Field-Marshal was Colonel. It reminds us, with commendable brevity, that in the course of a career of sixty-five years Lord Strathnairn (better known as Sir Hugh Rose) took a leading part in some of the most important events of recent times. The late Field-Marshal died suddenly, at Paris, on Oct. 16, 1885, at the advanced age of eighty-four years. Handsome monuments of granite mark the spot where he and his brother, Sir William Rose, lie, close together, in the Priory Churchyard at Christchurch, Hants, with which town their family had been long connected.

MAYMYO, THE HILL STATION OF MANDALAY.

Three thousand five hundred feet above the city of Mandalay, the capital of Upper Burma, is the pleasant little hill-station of Maymyo, nestling among the Shan hills. Not long ago an unpretentious village, it is now an important military post, with a garrison of European and native troops, to which has also been added a detachment of Punjaubi police. The trade of the place has increased since the British occupation, and the Bazaar, held every five days, is a scene of busy commercial activity. To Maymyo come the traders of distant Shan states, bringing their rice and pickled tea; Panthays from the further confines of Burma, and the almond-eyed merchant from far Cathay; while Shan caravans, with their interminable trains of neatly-laden pack-bullocks, pass through weekly on their way to Mandalay.

On bazaar day, Maymyo is seen at its best. Everyone is in holiday attire, and the market-place is thronged with a heterogeneous crowd, in colours of gorgeous hues, and with head-dresses of quaint and curious design. Of the latter, a large, flexible, betasselled straw hat, convertible by the aid of string into a "Dolly Varden," is much affected by male dandies as a sort of finishing touch to their silk fur-lined jackets, and silver-mounted "dabs" or dirks, which are frequently of costly and excellent workmanship. The headgear of the women is somewhat less pretentious. Use, rather than ornament, appears to be consulted; and their sugar-loafed hats of bark, of varied pattern, and consisting almost entirely of brim, amply fulfil this requirement.

As a hill-station and sanatorium, Maymyo may be said to be in its infancy; in fact, its future as such is as yet undecided. It has a possible rival in Koni, a green and salubrious spot, where pine-trees flourish, away to the south. But the hard-worked and perspiring toilers of the Golden City are not loth to ride the forty miles and to climb the steep ascent which lie between them and Maymyo, whenever an opportunity is offered.

Even two European ladies have ventured so far, and have braved the discomforts of a long and tedious journey, for the sake of a change to a cool climate, and to feast the eye on vegetation other than tropical. For up here the scenery is more English than Burman. The first arrival of that rarest apparition in the Shan country, an English lady, created the keenest interest and excitement in the breasts of the natives. She was followed everywhere by a gaping and astonished crowd; and on a market day they all jostled one another to obtain a good view of this remarkable figure; while on horseback she filled them still further with awe and wonderment.

In this wild region the lover of orchids will find plenty to occupy and amuse him. Within easy distance of the Fort are procurable numerous specimens of those interesting plants, some quaint and uncommon, others merely of local interest, rich in blossoms, but of no great rarity or value. For a few annas a coolie will journey to the hills and distant gorges amidst the mountains, and bring back enough plants to adorn a bungalow; and for a few rupees sufficient to stock a conservatory.

It is to be hoped that this station, possessing such a good climate, and other advantages, will eventually become to Mandalay what Ootacamund and Darjeeling are to Madras and Calcutta. The Sketches, and this description of Maymyo, are by Lieutenant A. E. Congdon, 2nd Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers.

Mr. Sydney Courtauld has presented extensive pleasure-gardens to the parishes of Braintree and Bocking, Essex, and has also provided for their maintenance by an endowment.

Mr. John L. Child gave a dramatic and miscellaneous recital at Steinway Hall, on Dec. 3, and will give another, at the same place, on Monday evening, the 17th.

Mr. A. A. Hopkins has been appointed Counsel to the Mint authorities at the Birmingham Sessions, vacant by the resignation of Mr. Arthur Denman.

The annual cross-country competition between Oxford and Cambridge Universities was decided on Nov. 30, at Oxford, in a heavy downpour of rain. The dark Blues won easily, gaining the first three places. W. Pollock-Hill, Keble, covered the eight miles in 47 min. 52 sec.; A. J. Fowler, Corpus Christi, was second; and R. S. Vavasour, Worcester, was third.

The late Mr. O'Reilly Dease, of St. James's-square, London, and of Dee Farm, in the county of Louth, who died in the month of August, 1887, bequeathed the whole of his estate, amounting to upwards of £50,000 (subject to legacies to his solicitor and steward), to the Treasury, to be applied towards the reduction of the National Debt.

A supper to the "criminal classes," attended by some two hundred discharged prisoners, was given recently in the Mission Hall, Little Wild-street, Drury-lane; and a meeting was afterwards held, which was attended by the Lord Mayor (accompanied by the Lady Mayoress), the new Chief Commissioner of Police, and a number of other gentlemen.

Archdeacon George Henry Sumner, Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation of Canterbury, and Archdeacon Douet were consecrated on Nov. 30 at Westminster Abbey, the first as the Bishop of Guildford, Suffragan of Winchester, and the second as Assistant-Bishop of Jamaica. Among those present were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Winchester, Rochester, Marlborough, and several American prelates. The Rev. C. Grant preached the sermon.

The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have drawn up regulations for the promotion of home reading and study in connection with their University extension schemes. The University extension work in London is carried on by the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, in conjunction with the Universities' joint board. The Universities' board are preparing a similar scheme of home reading and study for London.

General Sir Henry W. Norman, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., C.I.E., now Governor of Jamaica, has been appointed Governor of Queensland. General Norman served in the Army at the siege of Delhi and the relief of Lucknow, and, after being for eight years Military Secretary to the Government of India, was appointed a member of the Council of the Viceroy. Seven years later he became a member of the India Council, and resigned that position in the following year, on being appointed Governor of Jamaica.

The fifth annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society (Kensington Rural Deanery Association) was held in the Kensington Townhall on Nov. 30. The Bishop of Marlborough presided, and, referring to the progress which had been made in missionary work, said that one hundred years ago there was not a single missionary in any part of the world, and now missionary societies and male and female agencies of different kinds are at work. Missionary work was not a failure, for they had eighty colonial bishops and eighty bishops in America, and the system was perfect in organisation. The Bishop of Moosonee gave a detailed account of the diocese over which he was placed in the Hudson Bay territory, where they had about 200 natives who attended services. The Rev. Mr. Dyson appealed for more funds to carry on their work.



1. The Port of Maymyo.

2. Coolie with Orchids.

3. Types of the Maymyo Garrison.

4. The first English Lady in a Shan Bazaar.

5. Shan Caravan on the March.

6. Travelling in the Shan Hills.

7. Shan Swells on Bazaar Day.

8. Shan Market-Women.

9. Young Shans with a Weakness for Sweets.

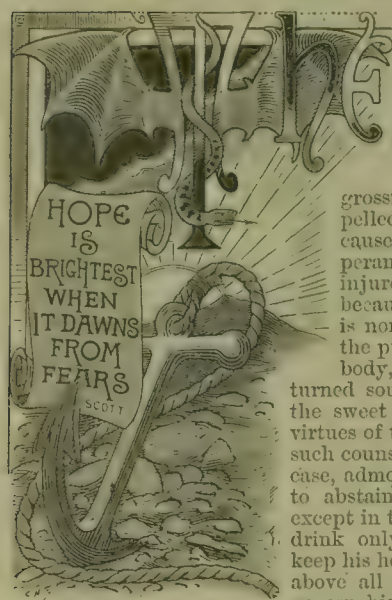
FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBSON,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

BARNABY HEARS THE NEWS.



Master, my patient, got up from his bed in a few days, somewhat pale and weak after his copious blood-letting and the drastic medicines with which I purged the

grossness of his habit and expelled the noxious humours caused by his many intemperances. These had greatly injured what we call—because we know not what it is nor what else to call it—the pure volatile spirit of the body, and, so to speak, turned sour the humor radicalis—the sweet oil and the balsamical virtues of the brain. I gave him such counsel as was fitting for his case, admonishing him urgently to abstain from strong liquors, except in their moderate use; to drink only with his meals; to keep his head cool and sober, and above all things to repress and govern his raging temper, which

would otherwise most certainly catch him by the throat, like some fierce and invisible devil, and throw him into a fit, and so kill him. I told him also what might be meant by the Wise Man (who certainly, being inspired, considered all the meanings which his words could have) when he said that one who is slow to wrath is of great understanding—meaning, among other things, that many men do throw away their lives by falling into excessive fits of rage. But I found that the words of Holy Scripture had little authority over him, for he lived without prayer or praise, trampled on the laws of God, and gave no heed at all to the flight of time or to the coming of the next world.

For a day or two he followed my injunctions, taking only a bottle of ale to his breakfast, the same quantity with his dinner, a pint of Madeira for his supper, and a sober glass or two before going to bed. But when he grew well, his brother planters came round him again, the drinking was renewed, and in the morning I would find him once more with parched throat, tongue dry, and shaking hand, ready to belabour, to curse, and to rail at everybody. If one wanted an example for the young, to show how strong drink biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder, here was a case the sight of which might have caused all young men to for ever forswear drunkenness. Alas! there are plenty of such examples to be seen in every part of England; yet the younger men still continue to drink, and that, I think, worse than their fathers. This man, however, who was not yet five-and-thirty, in the very prime of strong and healthy manhood, already had his finger joints swollen and stony from taking much wine; he commonly ate but little meat, craving continually for more drink; and his understanding, which was by nature, I doubt not, clear and strong, was now brutish and stupid. Thinking over this man and of the power, even unto death, which he possessed over his servants and slaves, the words came into my mind: "It is not for Kings, O Lemuel; it is not for Kings to drink wine, nor for Princes strong drink."

Nay, more (and this I say knowing that many godly men will not agree with me): I am fully persuaded that there is no man in the whole world so good and so strong in virtue and religion that he should be suffered to become the master or despot over any other man, even over a company of poor and ignorant blacks, or a gang of transported thieves. When I think of our unhappy people, how they were driven forth in the morning, heavy-eyed and downcast, to the hard day's work; and when I remember how they crept home at night, after being driven, cursed, and beaten all day long; and when I think upon their drivers, overseers, and masters, and of their hard and callous hearts, I am moved to cry aloud (if any would hear me) that to be a slave is wretched, indeed; but that to own and to drive slaves is certainly a thing most dangerous for any who would continue a member of Christ's Church.

When I told Barnaby the surprising news that his sister was not only safe, but was a servant like ourselves upon the same estate, I looked that he would rejoice. On the contrary, he fell into a strange mood, swearing loudly at this ill stroke, as he called it. He said that he never had the least doubt as to her safety, seeing there were so many in the West Country who knew and respected her father, and would willingly shelter her. Then he dwelt upon certain evils—of which, I confess, I had thought little—which might befall her. And, lastly, he set forth with great plainness the increased dangers in escaping when one has to carry a woman—a wounded man—a thing, he pointed out, which had caused his own capture after Sedgemoor.

Then he opened up to me the whole business of our escape which he had been secretly planning.

"Last Saturday night," he said, "while you were sleeping, I made my way to the port, and, having already put into the place before, I sought out a tavern that I knew. It is hard by the Bridge, a house-of-call for sailors, where I had the good fortune to find a fellow who can do for us all we want—if his money hold out, which I doubt. He is a carver by trade and a convict, like ourselves; but is permitted by his master to work at his trade in the town. He hath been, it is true, branded in the hand; but, Lord! what signifies that? He was once a thief—well—he is now an honest lad again, who asks for nothing but to get home again. John Nuthall is his name."

"Go on, Barnaby. We are already in such good company that another rogue or two matters little."

"This man came here secretly last night, while you were in the sick-house. He is very hot upon getting away. And because I am a sailor and can navigate a craft (which he cannot do), he will take with him not only myself but also all my party. Now listen, Humphrey. He hath bought a boat of a Guinea man in the harbour; and because, to prevent the escape of servants, every boat is licensed and her owner has to give security to the Governor's officers, he hath taken this boat secretly up a little creek nigh unto his own cottage, and hath there sunk her three feet deep. The masts, the sails, the oars, and the other gear he hath also safely bestowed in a secret place. So we have a boat; but we cannot sail without water and provisions, nor without a compass at least. If our party is to consist of sister, Robin, you, John Nuthall,

and myself—five in all—we shall have to load up the boat with provisions, which will cost much money. I looked for a boatful with only ourselves and John Nuthall. Now we shall have Sis as well; and the boat is but small. Where shall we get provisions? and where shall we lay our hands upon the money to buy what we want?"

He could talk of nothing else, because his mind was full of his plan. Yet it seemed to me a most desperate enterprise, this to launch a small boat upon the wide ocean, and in this cockle-shell to brave the waves which are often fatal to the tallest ships.

"Tut, man," said Barnaby. "We are not now in the season of the tornadoes, and there is no other danger upon these seas. I would as lief be in an open boat as in a brigantine. Sharks may follow us, but they will not attack a boat; calamities they talk of, big enough to lay their arms round the boat and so to drag it under; but such monsters have I never seen, any more than I have seen the great whale of Norway or the monstrous birds of the Southern Seas. There is only one danger, Humphrey, my lad." Here he laid his hand upon mine and became mighty serious. "If we are taken we shall be flogged—all of us. Thirty-nine lashes they will lay on and then they will brand us. For myself I value not their thirty-nine lashes a brass farthing, nor their branding with a hot iron, which can but make a man jump for a day or two. To me this risk against the chance of escape matters nothing. Why, when I was cabin-boy I got daily more than thirty-nine lashes, with kicks, cuffs, and rope's-ending in addition. Nay, I remember, when we sat over the Latin syntax together my daily ration must have been at least thirty-nine, more or less, and Dad's arm was stronger than you would judge to look at him. If they catch me, let them lay on their thirty-nine and be damned to them! But you and Robin, I doubt, think otherwise."

"I would not willingly be flogged, Barnaby, if there were any way of escape—even by death."

"So I thought! So I thought!"

"And as for Robin, if he recovers, which I doubt, he too, if I know him, would rather be killed than be flogged."

"That comes of going to Oxford!" said Barnaby. "And then there is Sis. Humphrey, my lad, it goes to my heart to think of that poor girl, stripped to be lashed like a black slave or a Bristol drab."

"Barnaby, she must never run that dreadful risk."

"Then she must remain behind, and here she runs that risk every day. What prevents you drunken sot—the taste of that cudgel still sticks in my gizzard!—I say, what prevents him from tying her up to-day or to-morrow, or every day?"

"Barnaby, she must never run that risk, for if we are caught"—I stopped.

"Before we are caught, you would say, Humphrey. We are of the same mind, then. But who is to kill her? Not Robin, for he loves her; not you, because you have too great a kindness for her. Not I, because I am her brother. What should I say to my mother when I meet her after we are dead, and she asks me who killed Alice?"

"Barnaby, if she is to die, let us all die together."

"Why," he replied, "though I have, I confess, no great stomach for dying; yet, since we have got her with us, it must so be done. 'Tis easy to let the water into the boat, and in three minutes, with no suspicion at all, and my mother never to know anything about it, Alice will have said her last prayers and we shall be all sinking to the bottom together with never a gasp left."

I took him after this talk to the sick-house, where Alice was beginning her second night of nursing the sick man. Barnaby saluted his sister as briefly as if her presence was the thing he most expected.

The room was lit by a horn lantern containing a great candle, which gave enough light to see Robin on the bed and Alice standing beside him. The woman called Deb was sitting on the floor wrapped in her rug.

"Sis," said Barnaby, "I have heard from Humphrey how thou wast cozened out of thy money and enticed on board ship. Well, this world is full of villains, and I doubt whether I shall live to kill them all. Two I must kill: that is certain. Patience, therefore, and no more upon this head. Well, Sis, dost love to be a servant?"

"Surely not, Barnaby."

"Wouldst like to get thy freedom again?"

"I know not the meaning of thy words, Brother. Madam says that those who have interest at home may procure pardons for their friends in the Plantations. Also that those whose friends have money may buy their freedom from servitude. I am sure that Mr. Boscorrel would willingly do this for Robin and for Humphrey; but for myself—how can I ask him? How can I ever let him know where I am and in what condition?"

"Ay, ay, but I meant not that way. Child, wilt thou trust thyself to us?"

She looked at Robin. "I cannot leave him," she said.

"No, no; we shall wait until he is dead—or, perhaps, till he hath recovered." But he only added this to please his sister. "When he is well again, Sis, thou wilt not be afraid to trust thyself with us?"

"I am not afraid of any danger, even of death, with you, if that is the danger in your mind, Barnaby."

"Good! Then we understand each other. There are other dangers for a young and handsome woman—and, may be, dangers worse than death. Hast any money at all, by chance?"

"Nay; the man Penne took all my money!"

Barnaby for five or six minutes without stopping spoke upon this topic after the manner of a sailor. "My turn will come," he added. "No money, Child? 'Tis a great pity. Had we a few gold pieces now! Some women have rings and chains. But, of course"—

"Nay, Brother; chains I never had, and as for rings there were but two that ever I had—one from Robin, the day that I was plighted to him; and one from the man who made me marry him, and put it on in the church. The former did I break and throw away when I agreed—for your dear lives—Barnaby, oh! for the lives of all!"

"I know, I know," said Barnaby. "Patience—patience. Oh! I shall get such a chance some day!"

"The other I threw away when I fled from my husband at the church door."

"Ay, ay. If we only had a little money! 'Tis pity that we should fail for want of a little money."

"Why," said Alice, "I had quite forgotten. I have something—I have a third ring—that may bring money." She pulled from her neck a black ribbon on which was a little leathern bag. "'Tis the ring the Duke gave me at Ilchester long ago. I have never parted with it. 'God grant,' he said, 'when he gave it to me, that it may bring thee luck.' Will the ring help, Barnaby?"

I took it first from her hand.

"Why," I said, "it is truly a sweet and costly ring. Jewels I know and have studied. If I mistake not, these emeralds must be worth a great sum. But how shall we dispose of so valuable a ring in this place, and without causing suspicion?"

"Give it to me," Barnaby took it, looked at it, and laid it, bag and all, in his pocket. "There are at the port merchants of all kinds, who will buy a ship's cargo of sugar one minute

and the next will sell you a red herring. They will readily advance money upon a ring. As for suspicion, there are hundreds of convicts and servants here. 'Tis but to call the ring the property of such a one and no questions will be asked. My friend John Nuthall, the carver, shall do this for us. And now, Sis, I think that our business is as good as done. Have no fear; we shall get away. First get Robin well and then"—Here Barnaby gazed upon her face with affection and with pity. "But, Sister, understand rightly: 'tis no child's play of hide and seek. 'Tis life or death!—life or death! If we fly we must never come back! understand that well!"

"Since we are in the Lord's hands, Brother, why should we fear? Take me with you; let me die, if you must die; and if you live I am content to live with you, so that my husband may never find me out."

CHAPTER XLIV.

A SCARE.

There is between the condition of the mind and that of the body an interdependence which cannot but be recognised by every physician. So greatly has this connection affected some of the modern physicians as to cause doubts in their minds whether there be any life at all hereafter, or if, when the pulse ceases to beat, the whole man doth not become a dead and senseless lump of clay. In this they confuse the immortal soul with the perishable instruments of brain and body, through which in life it manifests its being and betrays its true nature, whether of good or ill.

Thus, the condition in which Robin now lay clearly corresponded, as I now understand, with the state of his mind induced by the news that Alice, to save his life, had been betrayed into marrying his cousin. For, at the hearing of that dreadful news he was seized, as I have already said, with such a transport of rage (not against that poor innocent victim, but against his cousin) as threatened to throw him into madness; and, on recovering from this access, he presently fell into a kind of despair, in which he languished during the whole voyage. So also in a corresponding manner, after a fever the violence of which was like to have torn him to pieces, he fell into a lethargy in which, though his fever left him, he continued to wander in his mind, and grew, as I could not fail to mark, daily weaker in his body, refusing to eat, though Alice brought him dainty broth of chicken, delicate panadas of bread and butter, fruit boiled with sugar, and other things fit to tempt a sick man's appetite, provided by the goodness of Madam. This lady was in religion a Romanist; by birth she was a Spanish Quadroon. To escape the slavery to which the colour of her grandmother doomed her, she escaped from Cuba and found her way to this island of Barbados, where she met with our master. And whether she was lawfully married unto him or no I will not, after her kindness to Alice and her faithfulness to myself as regards Robin, so much as ask.

Robin, therefore, though the fever left him, did not mend. On the contrary, as I have said, he grew daily weaker; so that I marvelled at his lasting so long, and looked to see him die, as so many die, in the early morning, when there is a sharpness or eagerness in the air, and the body is exhausted by long sleep. Yet he died not.

And now you shall hear how, through the Duke of Monmouth's ring, we escaped from our servitude. "God grant," said the Duke, "that it bring thee good luck." This was a light and unconsidered prayer, forgotten as soon as uttered, meant only to please the ear of a child. And yet, in a manner most marvellous to consider, it proved the salvation of us all. What better luck could that ring cause than that we should escape from the land of Egypt—the House of Bondage?

"I have disposed of the ring," Barnaby told me a few days later. "That is to say, John Nuthall hath secretly pledged it with a merchant for twenty guineas. He said that the ring belonged to a convict, but many of them have brought such precious things with them in order to buy their freedom. The merchant owned that the stones are fine, and very willingly gave the money on their security."

"Then nothing remains," I said, "but to get away."

"John Nuthall has bought provisions and all we want little by little, so as to excite no suspicion. They are secretly and safely bestowed in his cottage, and half the money still remains in his hands. How goes Robin?"

"He draws daily nearer to his grave. We cannot depart until either he mends or dies. 'Tis another disaster, Barnaby."

"Ay; but of disaster we must not think. Robin will die. Yet our own case may be as bad if it comes to scuttling the ship. Cheer up, lad; many men die, yet the world goes round. Poor Robin! Every man for himself, and the Lord for us all. Sis will cry; but even if Robin recovers he cannot marry her, a consideration which ought to comfort her. And for him—since nothing else will serve him—it is best that he should die. Better make an end at once than go all his life with hanging head for the sake of a woman, as if there are not plenty women in the world to serve his turn."

"I know not what ails him that he doth not get better. The air is too hot for him; he hath lost his appetite. Barnaby," I cried, moved to a sudden passion of pity such as would often seize me at that time, "saw one ever ruin more complete than ours? Had we been fighting for Spain and the accursed Inquisition we could not have been more heavily punished. And we were fighting on the Lord's side!"

"We were—Dad was with us, too. And see how he was served! The Lord, it seems, doth not provide His servants with arms, or with ammunition, or with commanders. Otherwise, the Duke this day would be in St. James's Palace wearing his father's crown, and you would be a Court Physician with a great wig and a velvet coat, instead of a Monmouth cap and a canvas shirt. And I should be an Admiral. But what doth it profit to ask why and wherefore? Let us first get clear of the wreck. Well; I wish we were to take Robin with us. 'Twill be but a poor business going back to Bradford Orcas without him."

We waited, therefore, day after day, for Robin either to get better or to die, and still he lingered, seemingly in a waste or decline; but such as I had never before seen, and I know not what would have happened to him, whether he would have lived or died, but then there happened a thing which caused us to wait no longer. Thus it began.

The master, having, according to his daily custom, gone the round of his estate—that is to say, having seen his servants all at work under their drivers; some planting with the hoe, some weeding, some cutting the maize, some gathering yams, potatoes, cassavie, or bonavist for provisions, some attending the Ingenio or the still-house—did unluckily take into his head to visit the sick-house. What was more unfortunate, this desire came upon him after he had taken a morning dram, and that of the stiffest; not, indeed, enough to make him drunk, but enough to make him obstinate and wilful. When I saw him standing at the open door, I perceived by the glassiness of his eyes and the unsteadiness of his shoulders that he had already begun the day's debauch. He was now in a most dangerous condition of



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

"Stand back!" cried Barnaby, pushing me aside. "Leave thy hold of him, woman. Let me deal with him."

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM." —BY WALTER BESANT.

mind. Later in the day, when he was more advanced in drink, he might be violent but he would be much less dangerous, because he would afterwards forget what he had said or done in his cups.

"So, Sir Doctor," he said, "I have truly a profitable pair of servants!—one who pretends to cure everybody and so escapes work, and your cousin, who pretends to be sick and so will do none! A mighty bargain I made, truly, when I bought you both!"

"With submission, Sir," I said, "I have within the last week earned for your Honour ten guineas' worth of fees."

"Well, that is as it may be. How do I know what hath gone into your own pocket? Where is this malingering fellow? Make him sit up! Sit up, I say, ye skulking dog! sit up!"

"Sir," I said, still speaking with the greatest humility, "nobody but the Lord can make this man sit up." And, indeed, Robin did not comprehend one word that was said.

"I gave fifty pounds for him only a month ago. Am I to lose all that money, I ask? Fifty pounds! because I was told that he was a gentleman and would be ransomed by his family. Hark ye, Master Physician, you must either cure this man for me—or else, by the Lord! you shall have his ransom added to your own. If he dies, I will double your price! Mark that!"

I said nothing, hoping that he would depart. As for Alice, she had turned her back upon him at his first appearance (as Madam had ordered her to do), so that he might not notice her.

Unfortunately he did not depart, but came into the room looking about him. Certainly he was not one who would suffer his servants to be negligent, even in the smallest things.

"Here is truly fine work!" he said. "Sheets of the best—a pillow; what hath a servant to do with such luxuries?"

"My cousin is a gentleman," I told him, "and accustomed to lie in linen. The rug which is enough for him in health must have a sheet to it as well, now that he is sick."

"Humph! And whom have we here? Who art thou, Madam, I wish to know?"

Alice turned.

"I am your honour's servant," she said. "I am employed in this sick-house when I am not in the sewing-room."

"A servant? Oh! Madam, I humbly crave your pardon. I took you for some fine lady. I am honoured by having such a servant. All the rest of my women servants go in plain smock and petticoat. But," here he smiled, "to so lovely a woman as Mistress Alice Eykin—fair Alice, sweet Alice—we must give the bravest and daintiest. To thee, my dear, nothing can be denied. Those dainty cheeks, those white hands, were never made to adorn a common coif. Mistress Alice, we must be better acquainted. This is no fit place for thee. Not the sick-house, but the best room in my house shall be at thy service."

"Sir, I ask for nothing but to sit retired, and to render such service as is in my power."

"To sit retired? Why, that cannot be longer suffered. 'Twould be a sin to keep hidden any longer this treasure—this marvel, I say, of beauty and grace. My servant! Nay; 'tis I—'tis the whole island—who are thy servants. Thou to render service! 'Tis for me, Madam, to render service to thy beauty." He took off his hat and flourished it, making a leg.

"Then, Sir," said Alice, "suffer me, I pray, to go about my business, which is with this sick man, and not to hear compliments."

He caught her hand and would have kissed it, but she drew it back.

"Nay, coy damsel," he said; "I swear I will not go without a kiss from thy lips! Kiss me, my dear."

She started back, and I rushed between them. At that moment Madam herself appeared.

"What do you here?" she cried, catching the Master's arm. "What has this girl to do with you? Come away! Come away and leave her in peace!"

"Go back to the house, woman!" he roared, breaking from her and flourishing his stick, so that I thought he was actually going to cudgel her. "Go back, or it will be the worse for thee. What? Am I master here or art thou? Go back, I say."

Then a strange thing happened. She made no reply, but she turned upon him eyes so full of authority that she looked like a Queen. He shifted his feet, made as if he would speak, and finally went out of the place to his own house with the greatest meekness, soberness, and quietness.

Presently Madam came back.

"I blame thee not, Child," she said. "It is with him as I have told thee. When he begins to drink the Devil enters into him. Dost think he came here to see the sick man? No, but for thy fair eyes, being inflamed with love as well as with drink. At such times no one can rule him but myself, and even I may fail. Keep snug, therefore. Perhaps he may forget thee again. But, indeed, I know not."

She sighed, and left us.

CHAPTER XLV.

BARNABY THE AVENGER.

The man did not come back. During the whole day I remained with Alice in fear. But he molested us not.

When the sun set, and the field hands returned, I was in two minds whether to tell Barnaby what had happened, or not. But when I saw his honest face, streaked with the dust of the day's work, and watched him eating his lump of salt beef and basin of yellow porridge with as much satisfaction as if it had been a banquet of all the dainties, I could not bear, without greater cause, to disturb his mind.

"To-night," he told me, when there was no more beef and the porridge was all eaten, "there is a great feast at the Bridge. I would we had some of their Sherris and Madeira. The Governor of Nevis landed yesterday, and is entertained to-day by our Governor. All the militia are feasting, officers and men; nobody will be on the look-out anywhere; and it is a dark night, with no moon. What a chance for us, could we make our escape to-night! There may never again happen such a chance for us! How goes Robin?"

And so, after a little more talk, we lay down, and I, for one, fell instantly asleep, having now no fear at all for Alice; first, because the Master would be gone, I thought, to the Bridge, feasting, and would come home too drunk for anything but to sleep; and next, because she had with her the woman Deb, as stout and lusty as any man.

But the Master was not at the Bridge with the rest of the planters and gentlemen. Perhaps the drink which he took in the morning caused him to forget the great banquet. However that may be, he was, most unluckily for himself, drinking at home and alone, yet dressed in his best coat and wig and with his sword, all of which he had put on for the Governor's banquet.

After a while, the Devil entered into him, finding easy admission, so to speak, all doors thrown wide open, and even a welcome in that deboshed and profligate soul. About eight o'clock, therefore, prompted by the Evil One, the Master rose and stealthily crept out of the house.

It was a dark night, but he needed no light to guide his footsteps. He crossed the court and made straight for the sick-house.

He gently pushed the door open and stood for a little looking within. By the light of the horn lantern he saw the girl whose image was in his mind. The sight might have caused him to return, repentant and ashamed. For she was on her knees, praying aloud beside the bedside of the sick man.

As he stood in the door the woman named Deb, who lay upon the floor asleep, woke up and raised her head. But he saw her not. Then she sat up, watching him with suspicion. But his eyes were fixed on the figure of Alice. Then she sprang to her feet, for now she knew that mischief was meant, and she stood in readiness, but in the dark, unseen, prepared with her great strong arms to defend her mistress. But he thought nobody was in the house but Alice and the sick man. He saw nothing but the girl at the bedside.

I say that I was sleeping. I was awakened at the sound of a shriek—I knew the voice—I sprang to my feet.

"God of mercy!" I cried, "it is Alice! Barnaby, awake!—awake, I say! It is the cry of Alice!"

Then I rushed to the sick-house.

There I saw Alice—shrieking and crying for help. And before her the Master struggling and wrestling with the woman Deb. She had her arms round his neck and made as if she was trying to throttle him. Nay, I think that she would have throttled him, so strong she was and possessed of such a spirit, and by the light of the lantern gleaming upon the blade I saw that his sword had either fallen from his hand or from the scabbard, and now lay upon the floor.

"Stand back!" cried Barnaby, pushing me aside. "Leave thy hold of him, woman. Let me deal with him."

The thing was done in a moment. Merciful Heavens! To think that thus suddenly should the soul of man be called to its account! I had seen the poor fellows shot down and cut to pieces on Sedgemoor, but then they knew that they were going forth to fight and so might be killed. There was time before the battle for preparation and a prayer. But this man had no preparation—and he was more than half drunk, as well.

He lay at our feet, seemingly lifeless, Barnaby standing over him with the broken sword in his hand.

For a while, no one spoke or moved. But the woman called Deb gasped and panted and even laughed, as one who is well pleased because she hath had her revenge.

Then Madam herself, clad in a long white night-dress and with bare feet, suddenly pushed us aside and fell upon her knees beside the wounded man.

She lifted his head. The face was pale and the eyes closed. She laid it gently down and looked round.

"You have killed him," she said, speaking not in any rage or passion, but quietly. "You have killed him. To-morrow, you shall hang! you shall all hang!"

We said nothing. To me, indeed, it seemed pretty certain that we should all hang.

"Doctor," she turned to me, "tell me if he is dead or living."

She took down the lantern and held it while I made such examination as was possible. I opened the wounded man's waistcoat and laid back his shirt. The sword had run straight through him and had been broken off short, perhaps by contact with his ribs. The broken point remained in the wound and the flesh had closed around it so that, save for a drop or two oozing out, there was no flow of blood.

It needs not great knowledge of surgery to understand that when a man hath six inches of steel in his body which cannot be pulled out, and when he is bleeding inwardly, he must die.

Still, as physicians use, I did not tell her so.

"Madam," I said, "he is not dead. He is living. While there is life there is hope."

"Oh!" she cried; "why did he buy you when he could have had the common sort? But you shall hang—you shall hang, everyone!"

"That will we presently discover," said Barnaby. "Humphrey, we have now no choice left—what did I tell thee about the chances of the night? We must go this night. As for this villain, let him bleed to death."

"Go?" said Madam. "Whither, unhappy men, will you go? There is no place in the island where you can hide, but with bloodhounds they will have you out. You can go nowhere in this island but you will be found and hanged, unless you are shot like rats in a hole."

"Come, Humphrey," said Barnaby, "we will carry Robin. This poor woman must go too; she will else be hanged for trying to throttle him. Come, Deb. Well, thou canst lend a hand to carry Robin. Madam, by your leave we will not hang, nor will be shot. In the—in the cave—cave" (he nodded his head with a cunning look), "the cave," he repeated, "that I know of your bloodhounds will never find us."

"Madam," I said, "it is true that we shall attempt to escape. For what hath happened I am truly sorry; yet we may not suffer such a thing as was this night attempted without resistance, else should we be worse than the ignorant blacks. The Master will perhaps live, and not die. Listen, and take heed therefore."

"Doctor," she cried, "do not leave me. Stay with me, or he will die. Doctor, stay with me, and I will save your life. I will swear that you came at my call. Stay with me—I will save Alice as well. I will save you both, I swear it. You shall be neither flogged nor hanged. I swear it. I will say that I called you for help when it was too late. Only this man and this woman shall hang. Who are they? A rogue and"—

Barnaby laughed aloud.

"Doctor," she entreated, falling at my feet, "if you stay he will perhaps recover. Then he will forgive you all."

Barnaby laughed again.

"Madam," I told her, "better death upon the gallows than any further term of life with such a man."

"Oh!" she cried. "He will die where he is lying!"

"That may be, I know not." I gave her, therefore, directions, bidding her, above all, watch the man, and cause him to lie perfectly quiet and not to speak a word, even in a whisper, and to give him a few drops of cordial from time to time.

"Come," said Barnaby, "we lose time, which is precious. Madam, if your husband recover—or whether he die—but if he should recover, tell him from me, Captain Barnaby Eykin, that I shall very likely, in a year or two, return to this island, and that I will then, the Lord helping, kill him in fair duello, to wipe out the taste of the cudgel which he was good enough once to lay about my head. If he dies of this thrust with his own sword, he must lay that to the account of my Sister. Enough," said Barnaby, "we will now make our way to the woods and to the cave."

This said, Barnaby went to the head of Robin's bed and ordered Deb to take the foot, and so between them they carried him forth with them, while Alice followed and I went last.

We heard, long afterwards, through one Mr. Anstiss, the same young gentleman who loved Alice and would have married her, what happened when we were gone. An hour or thereabouts afterwards, Madam woke up one of the

overseers, telling him what had befallen the Master, and bidding him be ready at daybreak, with the bloodhounds, horses, and loaded guns, to follow in pursuit and bring us back.

There would be, they thought, no difficulty at all in catching us, because we were encumbered by a sick man and two women.

There was, however, more difficulty than they expected. For the footsteps led the bloodhounds to the seashore; and here the trace was lost, nor could it ever be afterwards recovered. And though the hue and cry was speedily out over all the island, and the woods and the ravines and caves where runaway negroes hide were searched, we were never found. Therefore, since no boat at all was missing (the Guinea man had sailed away), it was certain that we could not have escaped by sea. It was fortunate, indeed, that Barnaby dropped no hint about the sea; otherwise there would have been dispatched some of the boats of the port in search of us, and in that case the scuttling of the ship might have been necessary. For, had we been caught, we should certainly have been hanged for murder, after being flogged for attempted escape. Because the Master died. He lay speechless until the day broke. Then he became conscious and presently breathed his last in great anguish of body and terror of mind. What hath since become of Madam and of that miserable family of overseers, drivers, servants, and slaves, I know not. Certain it is that they could not find a more barbarous or a more savage master in place of him whom Barnaby slew if they were to search the whole of the Spanish Main and the islands upon it.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Ralli, a Liverpool merchant residing at St. Asaph's, has offered to contribute £300 towards the expenses incidental to the establishment of a dairy school in Flintshire.

The Birmingham and Midland Eye Hospital has received £5000 from an anonymous donor, £4000 to be devoted to paying off the existing debt on the hospital, and £1000 towards current expenditure.

The sixth annual exhibition of the Royal Cambrian Academy of Art, held at Plas Mawr, Conway, closed on Nov. 26 after a highly satisfactory season, over 8000 visitors, excluding season-ticket holders, having passed the turnstile. The chief attraction of the exhibition, apart from the interesting medieval mansion of Plas Mawr, were the works of Sir J. Millais, Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. H. Stacey Marks, and other honorary members. The sales amounted to £1715.

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The first instalment of a New Serial Story, of absorbing interest, entitled *CLEOPATRA* (being an Account of the Fall and Vengeance of Harmachis, the Royal Egyptian, as set forth by his own hand), written by H. RIDER HAGGARD expressly for this Paper, and Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE, will be given in the Number for Jan. 5, 1889, beginning a New Volume.

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DECEMBER 8, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpence*. Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER.

Nineteenth Century.—No fresh subject of urgent interest obtains discussion this month, unless it be the Presidential election in America, treated by Sir Lyon Playfair; while Mr. Frederick Greenwood, on the recent change in European affairs, has little new to say, but that he knows the young Emperor of Germany to be no friend of England, and regrets that England has declined to join the German-Austrian-Italian alliance. Mr. J. Theodore Bent has viewed from Patmos the scene of many volcanic eruptions in the isles of Thera and Santorin, which he suggests may have furnished some of the imagery in the reputed Apocalyptic vision of St. John the Apostle. Soldiers' food-rations and their cooking are discussed by Mr. Archibald Forbes. Dr. C. Lloyd Tuckey describes the curative or alleviating treatment of some diseases by the aid of mental influence applied in the hypnotic condition, as practised at Nancy by the French physician, Dr. Liébault, which is the scientific method of "faith-healing." The observations of Lord Eustace Cecil, in a visit to Japan, and Lady Blake's notes on the Beothuks, the aboriginal natives of Newfoundland, are papers of an attractive kind.

Contemporary Review.—Mr. Frederic Harrison, in an "Appeal to Liberal Unionists," recites the manifold iniquities of past rule in Ireland, and denounces the present administration as if it were equally oppressive. The ethnological and geographical aspects of Indian government are the theme of an effective essay by Sir W. W. Hunter. The Bishop of Wakefield, from his experience as Suffragan of the London diocese, supplies valuable information concerning the social condition of the East-End. The controversy with Professor Max Müller on the identity of thought and language is resumed by the Duke of Argyll. The unique position and character of Westminster Abbey, as a treasury of English historical monuments and associations, inspire Archdeacon Farrar to an earnest pleading for its preservation, and for the projected additional cloister or chapel. Mr. R. W. Dale continues the record of his impressions of the Australian colonies. The future prospects and resources of our food-supply are examined by Mr. J. W. Cross.

Fortnightly Review.—Lord Wolseley's testimony and commentary on the quality of negroes as soldiers, when strictly trained under severe discipline, should be of military importance. M. Jules Simon, an esteemed French writer on social morality, defends the female sex in his nation against wholesale censures of their domestic life, and asserts the existence of "eighteen millions of virtuous Frenchwomen." Mr. A. W. Stirling's opportune explanation of the political situation of Queensland shows the significance of the recent dispute with our Government on the appointment of Sir Henry Blake without consulting the Queensland constitutional authorities, while it exhibits the present division of parties in that colony, and reveals the growth in Australia of a decided spirit of independence; and this article may be commended to the attention of theorists who indulge the fancy of a more binding "Imperial Federation." It is followed by Mr. Walter Pater's critical disquisition on the artistic qualities of literary style; a concise account, by Mr. Stephen Wheeler, of the Black Mountain campaign; Sir Henry Pottinger's experiences of wild shooting sport in Norway; further controversy between Canon Isaac Taylor and the Church Missionary Society about the financial details of its management; an article on Roumanian politics, by Mr. J. D. Bouchier; and Professor Tyndall's narrative of the measures adopted, on his advice, for the lighthouse service of the Irish coasts, which have been the subject of much debate.

National Review.—The problem of destitution, and that of idleness and vice, which are not precisely identical or coincident, are treated by three writers: Mrs. S. A. Barnett, on "East London and Crime"; Bishop Bromby, on "The Sinking and the Sunken," prescribing industrial schools, Government action to relieve trade of locally congested labour, and assisted systematic emigration; and Mr. H. G. Tregarthen, on the organisation of unpaid agencies of visitation and out-door relief, long established at Elberfeld, in Prussia. "The Black Art," which is the subject of a learned work by Mr. J. Chaloner-Smith, here reviewed by Canon W. Lewery Blackley, is that of mezzotint engraving, a process declared to have been practised in England more skilfully and successfully than in any other country, and especially suitable for the reproduction of portraits. Mr. W. Earl Hodgson prognosticates good results to the Conservative Party in Scotland from Lord Salisbury's visit to Edinburgh. Professor Lewis Campbell, who has studied Shakspeare as deeply as Sophocles, examines "King Lear" for indications of dramatic motive and purpose hitherto overlooked. Lay agency to help the ministry of the Church is recommended by the Rev. G. Huntington; Mr. H. G. Keene upholds the social benefit of the institution of marriage; the working of the great London hospitals is investigated by Mr. A. O'Donnell Bartholeyns; Mr. E. Strachan Morgan gives an account of the Monte di Pietà, or State pawnbroking office, in Papal Rome; and there is an article on farming prospects, on low prices, and foreign imports.

Macmillan's Magazine.—Mr. Bret Harte's story of "Cressy" is concluded. A military contributor describes the manner in which the German soldier is drilled and taught. An accomplished scholar, poet, and gentleman of the seventeenth century, Sir Richard Fanshawe, is the subject of an agreeable notice by Mr. J. W. Mackail. "Names in Fiction," by Mr. George Saintsbury, is a pleasant literary essay. There is an Italian idyll, in verse, call "Sandro Gallotti"; a political article on Russia and England; one treating of bi-metallic monetary standards; a critical estimate of Mrs. Browning's poetry; an attempt, by Mr. Hallam Tennyson, to render "Persicos odi" in English sapphics, which are very faulty in metre; and some chapters of "Marooned," the latest sea romance of Mr. Clark Russell.

Murray's Magazine.—The excessive multiplication of new books, many of them worth reading, but which no one has time to read, and which cannot pay the authors or the publishers, is justly lamented by Mr. Alexander Innes Shand. "Character in Children" is thoughtfully considered with a view to education. Mr. Alfred Pollard pleads for fair salaries to lady teachers. The Rev. H. W. Rawnsley, the poet of "Sonnets Round the Coast," describes in prose a great flood in the Vale of Keswick. The historical notices of old English music, by A. M. Wakefield, deal now with the Carols. Mr. H. H. Romilly reports curious instances of sorcery and other superstitions in New Guinea. The tales of "A Good Old Family," and "The Reproach of Annesley," are continued.

Harper's Magazine (Christmas).—Mr. Walter Besant supplies to this excellent American magazine a short story written in the old-fashioned English style, entitled "The Last Mass," which is concerned with a crisis in domestic life contemporary with the Spanish Armada. "A Christmas Mystery in the Fifteenth Century," by Mr. Theodore Child, of Paris, is

a minute description of one of the ancient miracle-plays, performed in 1473 at Rouen. Among the American contributions are one of Mr. W. D. Howells' lively little comedies in dialogue form; an article on F. S. Church, an eminent American artist; and tales, poems, and essays by several popular authors, with many fine engravings.

Scribner's Magazine.—Mr. R. L. Stevenson continues his Scottish story, "The Master of Ballantrae," and also preaches a kindly and sensible "Christmas Sermon." The picturesque in American scenery is honoured by an account of "Winter in the Adirondacks," with good illustrations; the beautiful or interesting in art, by a notice of Sandro Botticelli, and by a treatise on stained-glass windows, both illustrated by many engravings. Mr. Lester Wallack's theatrical and personal reminiscences are going on; and there is sufficient provision of poetry and of prose fiction.

The Century.—We naturally turn to an article on "The Reorganisation of the British Empire," published at New York; and are pleased to recognise in the writer, Mr. G. R. Parkin, a frank and cordial spirit of friendly goodwill towards the continuance of the political connection between Great Britain and Canada and our other great colonies beyond the ocean. Mr. George Kennan's narrative of his long and devious journey through Siberia, and his investigations into the condition of Russian prisoners and exiles, is continued; and so is the authentic political history of President Lincoln's Administration, which draws near the period of his resolve to emancipate the slaves. The description of London, by Mr. Henry James, a novelist as popular in England as in the United States, has, of course, an immediate claim on our readers' attention. We confess the truth of his impressions; we cannot pretend that London is a bright or elegant city; but we are glad that he likes Piccadilly and the Strand, that he admires the parks, approves of the Thames Embankment, respects our metropolis as the headquarters of the English-speaking world, and thinks us a huge, active, good-natured, unceremonious, rather clumsy, multitudinous community, with which a sensible American, or any other sensible man, soon feels himself at home.

English Illustrated Magazine.—An account of the progress of stage representation of "Macbeth," by Messrs. W. Archer and R. W. Lowe, treats of Garrick, Macklin, Mrs. Siddons, Edmund Kean, Macready, Phelps, and Ristori, as performers in that tragedy, and is accompanied by authentic portraits of actors and actresses in character, and views of scenes at Covent-Garden Theatre. The "Angler's Song" of Izaak Walton is given with ten illustrations designed by Mr. Hugh



THE NEW CITY OF LONDON COURT.

Thomson; "The Ferry Girl," by W. Padgett; "Beatrice and Hero," by H. Ryland; "A Study in Chalk," by Mrs. C. E. Perugini, and "Idle Moments," by G. Morton, are drawings of some merit. "Surrey Farmhouses," and "A Ramble through Normandy," afford good subjects for pen and pencil. Mr. P. Marion Crawford's Roman story is continued.

Cornhill.—There is a pleasant and instructive discourse on sheep, by one who has kept them in Australia and Texas as well as in this country. "French Janet," and "A Life's Morning," proceed with several chapters, the latter to its conclusion. "The Other Englishman" is an interesting short story, and "A Piratical F.S.A.," is an entertaining cruise of an antiquary among the isles of Greece.

Longman's Magazine.—Mr. William Black narrates the dismal experience of an untrained man of sedentary habits in Scotch deerstalking. "A Dangerous Catspaw" is continued by Mr. D. Christie Murray and Mr. Henry Murray. Dr. Andrew Wilson treats of growing too fat, and the professed cures for that inconvenience. A short tale of West Coast Africa is contributed by Miss Werner.

Gentleman's Magazine.—The anecdotes of various ways of dying, collected by Mr. W. H. Davenport-Adams, are curious but sad, yet "Moriendum est omnibus" is a title which cannot be denied. Still more grim and dreadful are the Rev. S. Baring Gould's historical notices of "The Wheel and the Gallows." The tale of "A Stage Undine" is pathetic; the account of marionette performances is quaintly amusing; and "Shakspeare's Trees" afford a pleasant theme of citation and comment.

The following magazines can here only be received with general commendations: "Time," "Temple Bar," "Belgravia," "Monthly Packet," Christmas Number, "Argosy," "Tinsley's Annual," "Atlantic Monthly," "Lippincott's," "Woman's World," "Atalanta," "Naval and Military," "Colburn's United Service Magazine," "Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine," "Illustrations," "Outing," "Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion," "Good Words," "Leisure Hour," and "Casell's Family Magazine."

A set of twelve exquisite sepia drawings by the late Thomas Stothard, R.A., have been added to the permanent art collection at Nottingham Castle Museum, the gift of Mr. Felix Joseph. Stothard was famous for the illustrations of novels of his epoch. The Nottingham Museum now contains a large number of Stothard drawings presented by Mr. Joseph.

In pursuance of the powers vested in the Queen by the Trinidad and Tobago Act, 1887, her Majesty has been pleased, by the advice of her Privy Council, to declare by an order, bearing date Nov. 17, that from and after Jan. 1, 1889, the colony of Trinidad and its dependencies, and the colony of Tobago, shall be united into and constituted one colony, which shall be called the Colony of Trinidad and Tobago.

THE NEW CITY OF LONDON COURT.

The new City of London Court, opened on Thursday, Dec. 6, by the Lord Mayor, is situated on the south side of Guildhall-buildings and on the west side of Basinghall-street, and occupies the site of the old court buildings, the old Land-Tax offices, and the "Tap" of the Guildhall Tavern. The ground floor consists of the offices for clerks and bailiffs; on the upper floor, to the west, is the Judges' Court, about 45 ft. by 26 ft.; to the east the Registrar's Court, 36 ft. by 26 ft., each with a private room attached, and approached by a separate stair and entrance. The principal and public entrance is in the middle of the façade to Guildhall-buildings. The building has been designed in the late Gothic style of architecture, which was also adopted for the Guildhall Library and the New Council Chamber, in order to harmonise with the ancient Guildhall. The south window contains the armorial bearings of the Lord Mayor; of Mr. B. S. Foster MacGeagh, chairman of the Law and City Courts Committee; and of Mr. H. H. Bridgman, the late chairman. In the north window are the arms of the City, and of Alderman and Sheriff Gray and Mr. Sheriff Newton.

Mr. Andrew Murray, the architect, deserves much praise for such a suitable building. The general contractor for the building and fittings was Mr. J. Morter, of Stratford.

A TRIP ROUND THE WORLD.

A Trip Round the World in 1887 and 1888. By W. S. Caine, M.P. (G. Routledge and Sons).—In the early part of the last century, when a gentleman travelled with a hired carriage and post-horses through France or Flanders and Germany to Italy, as far as Rome and Naples, it was called "the grand tour." In less time, and at less expense, one may now go round the globe, visiting Canada or the United States, Japan or China, Australia or India, and returning by the Suez Canal, seeing a little of Egypt, perhaps of Syria and Greece, and running home through Italy and Germany or France. This is the "grand tour" of these days, which by the aid of steam-ships and railways can be performed very easily, indeed in a leisurely manner, with first-class accommodation, at the cost of about £350, occupying six months, and stopping to view the most notable sights. The hon. M.P. for Barrow-in-Furness is not only a well-known politician, but is also well informed concerning social, industrial, and commercial affairs, in relation to which he could gather knowledge of more utility than the mere descriptions of scenery, and the conjectures or secondhand opinions, which are too often repeated in books of this kind.

Accompanied by his daughter, he crossed the Atlantic to Canada in August, 1887; traversed the breadth of the North American Continent by the Canadian Pacific Railway, embarked at Vancouver, Oct. 8, for Yokohama, spent a fortnight in Japan, visited Hong-Kong and Singapore, passed ten days in Ceylon, was at Calcutta on the day before Christmas, saw Benares, Agra, Delhi, and Jeypore, stayed a week in Bombay, and got home in February to his Parliamentary duties, having been away from England five months, two weeks, and three days. His letters written during this course of travelling to a local newspaper in the town which he represents are collected in the volume before us. They are good useful reading; and the conciseness and directness of his style, with the freshness of his observations, render them more acceptable than the tedious personal narratives of some other "globe-trotters." If any of our own readers have felt that the recent Sketches of our Special Artist excite a wish to know a good deal more about such places as Calgary and Banff, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and the Selkirk Range and other grand features of nature in British Columbia, we would refer them to Mr. Caine. But he never loses sight of questions of social welfare; and being a strong advocate of total abstinence from intoxicating drink, and of laws prohibiting its sale, his remarks on the Canadian Local Option Act of 1878, which has already been adopted in sixty-three counties and cities, may be encouraging to those who share his opinions. In British Columbia, it seems, the consumption of liquor, per head of the population, is nine times greater than it is in Prince Edward's Island; but Calgary is a teetotal town, and the people of Manitoba, on the average throughout that province, drink only at half the rate of the people of Ontario. There is certainly much statistical interest in the results of any such legislative experiments within the limits of one colonial dominion; but the western provinces have as yet a scanty population, and nobody can predict what they will choose to do at a future time. The line of steam-ships from Vancouver to Japan seems to be uncomfortably managed; and, until there shall be some improvement, travellers will do wisely to prefer the San Francisco line for their voyage across the Pacific. Mr. Caine visited the capital city of Tokio (Yeddo), the temples of Nikko, the port of Kobe, and Kioto, the old capital; but his sojourn in Japan was too brief for him to add anything to our acquaintance with that attractive country and agreeable nation. He shows an instructed taste for Japanese decorative art, and commends the system of popular education. In the island of Ceylon, to which two chapters are devoted, and among the splendid temples, palaces, and tombs of the ancient cities of India, he found other objects of interest which have frequently been written about. His views of the condition and prospects of India are fair and candid, with a disposition to favour the demand of high-class natives that they may have a larger share in the administration. The book is adorned with a great variety of illustrations.

The Goldsmiths' Company have given £50 towards the funds of the Deaconesses' Institution and Hospital, Tottenham, which is in need of further help.

Mr. Vernon Lushington, Q.C., Judge of County Courts (Circuit No. 45), has been elected Treasurer of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple for the ensuing year in succession to Sir Patrick Colquhoun, Q.C.

The Exhibition of Decorative Handiwork, which has been opened in the Galleries of the Royal Scottish Academy at Edinburgh, is of considerable interest. It comprises various kinds of professional and amateur work, for which prizes are awarded; wood-carving, plaster modelling, carving in stone or marble, gold and silver work, wrought iron, repoussé metal work, inlaying of wood, turning, picture frames, painted decoration, mosaic, embroidery, and book-ornament. There is also an attractive loan collection of selected examples of fine old and modern work of these kinds. The executive committee is formed of ten or twelve gentlemen of known taste and skill, among whom are Mr. J. M. Dick Peddie, architect, Professor Baldwin Brown, Mr. James Gordon, architect, and others well known in the Scottish capital, where many visitors have been drawn to the Exhibition.



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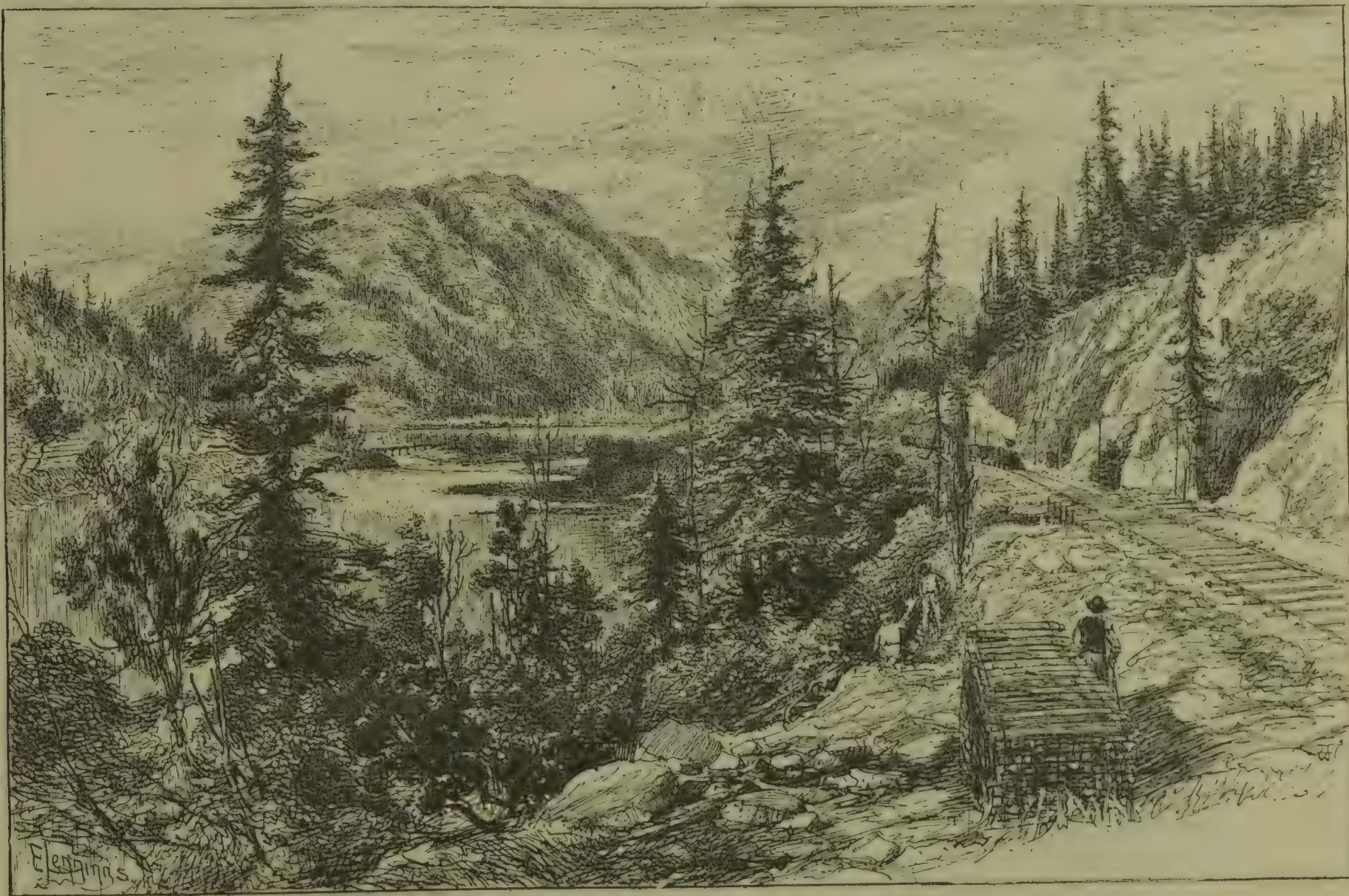
Lakes; the lower portion of the Fraser River from its mouth in the Gulf of Georgia, below New Westminster, is navigable by steamer for ninety miles up to the town of Yale.

Returning now to the Selkirk mountain range, which is crossed by the Canadian Pacific Railway, we must notice its highest summit, 11,000 ft. above the sea-level, named after Sir Donald Smith, one of the chief promoters of this line. The passenger cannot fail to be struck by the view of Mount Sir Donald. It rises high above the southern verge of the Rogers Pass, close to a great glacier which, joining with another further south, forms the head-waters of the Illecillewaet river. This stream runs out from under the icy mass and over the boulders and debris at the bottom of a deep gorge that crosses at right angles, though much below, the Rogers Pass. The glacier is a vast mass of ice fully a mile wide at the top, with the waters flowing out from underneath in several currents, uniting to form the river. In this gorge the company have built another pretty Swiss chalet for a stopping-place, which they call the "Glacier Hotel," with magnificent mountain views. The railway avails itself of this ravine, and of another that comes into it at right angles a short distance below, to get down out of the pass. The line, by repeated double loops, runs for six miles, descends 600 ft., and accomplishes just two miles of actual distance. Here is an achievement of engineering that took a railway genius to conceive and execute. First the line runs southward, along the side of the gorge towards the glacier, then it crosses a high bridge and curves back on the other side, coming out near where it started, but at a much lower level. Next, it curves round into the second ravine, swings across it, and comes back again at 120 ft. lower level, yet only 130 ft. further down the pass. Then it doubles upon itself, and crosses the river, immediately recrossing again. Here are six almost parallel lines of

railway in full view, each at a lower stage, and each made up largely of huge trestle bridges. These are the "loops" of the Canadian Pacific.

It is not less remarkable to observe the manner in which the Canadian Pacific Company builds its snow-sheds to protect the railroad. There are two between the summit and the hotel which are being united, altogether over a mile long. On the side next the mountain the shed is of strong crib work, built of cedar timber, 10 by 12 in. laid two inches apart, with cross timbers dovetailed into the two sides of the crib and spiked together with seven-eighth spikes 16 in. long. This crib is 35 ft. high, and filled with stone. On the other side timber of the same size and about five feet apart are spiked upon the massive mudsills and cross-sills. Upon the cross-sills heavy lean-to supports are mortised into the upright timbers and into the sills, all spiked together. Across the top is a floor of two-inch planks, braced from the centre, and another sloping roof of the same thickness slanting down nearly to the ground on the lower side of the track, completes the shed. The whole roof is as strong as a bridge. In some parts of the line there are double tracks—one within the shed for winter use, the other outside, to be used during the summer months. Every kind of work on the road seems to be done without regard to cost, but with the determination to make it as perfect as a single-track road can be. The station-houses are, or are to be, all ornamental.

Startling as is the passage through the Rocky Mountain and Selkirk ranges, the carving out of the line upon the steep banks of the deep and winding canyons of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers has also called for great engineering skill, and gives for hundreds of miles a succession of magnificent scenes. The hotel at North Bend is a good stopping-place for tourists who wish to see more of the Fraser Canyon than is possible



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from the trains. At Boston Bar, a few miles below North Bend, the principal canyon of the Fraser commences, and from here to Yale, twenty-three miles, the scenery is intensely interesting. It has been described as "ferocious." The great river is forced between vertical walls of black rocks where, repeatedly thrown back upon itself by opposing cliffs, or broken by ponderous masses of fallen rock, it madly foams and roars. The railway is cut into the cliffs 200 ft. above, and the jutting spurs of rock are pierced by tunnels in close succession. At Spuzzum the Government road, as if seeking company in this awful place, crosses the chasm by a suspension bridge to the side of the railway, and keeps with it, above or below, to Yale. Ten miles below Spuzzum the enormous cliffs apparently shut together and seem to bar the way. The river makes an abrupt turn to the left, and the railway, turning to the right, disappears into a long tunnel, emerging into daylight and rejoining the river at Yale.

A RIDE TO SHESHOUAN.

Our readers will remember, in *The Illustrated London News* of Sept. 22, a Sketch by Mr. Walter B. Harris, giving a view of the singular Moorish town of Sheshouan, in the Berber mountain country of Northern Morocco, between the habitations of the Beni-Hassan tribes and the Rif. Sheshouan, though distant not more than forty hours' journey from Tangier, is not accessible to European visitors without some danger, as it is reputed a very sacred Mussulman shrine, and unbelievers in the Prophet Mohammed are strictly forbidden to approach it. We understand that only once, before the adventurous expedition of our recent correspondent, has this sequestered and jealously guarded place been seen by any Christian. Mr. Walter Harris contributes to the new December Number of *Blackwood's Magazine* an interesting narrative of

his "Ride to Sheshouan," which was performed last July. He put on the dress of a respectable Moor, consisting of a long white shirt and baggy white trousers, a small sleeveless jacket of crimson silk, the "fez" or "tarboosh" on his head, and a "jelaba" or hooded cloak, also white, covering him from head to ankles. He engaged at Tangier a boy named Selim, a native of Sheshouan, and set forth with two mules, carrying only a blanket and a small red leather bag slung over his shoulder, but not forgetting his revolver for personal defence in case of need. Having passed the first night at Tetuan, forty-five miles from Tangier, he next day, with his guide, to whom only he intended to speak in Arabic, rode on through the village of Zenat, and the wild Beni-Hassan country beyond, towards the conspicuous peaks of the great Sheshouan mountains. Being waylaid by the suspicious tribesmen on the road, he tried to hide himself amidst the shrubs, while Selim told the questioners that the stranger who had been seen with him was a Moor, "the son of Abdul Malek from Fez, going to Sheshouan to see his mother's people." But the Beni-Hassan men presently caught Mr. Harris, who boldly told them what he was, and where he meant to go; he gave them cigarettes, and they behaved civilly, resolving not to stop him by force, though warning him that he would be killed, if discovered to be a Christian, by the Sheshouan people. He and Selim were allowed to ride on, and in the evening got to the mysterious town, which is magnificently situated, as it appeared in our illustration, on the lower slope of a lofty mountain; the precipitous cliff, with rocky crags at its summit, rising close behind, and the valley below, well wooded and cultivated, with the winding course of a rapidly flowing river. It is a large town, with five gates and seven mosques; and its aspect is the more picturesque as the house-roofs, instead of being flat, are gabled and covered with red tiles. Three waterfalls, pouring out of caves in the mountain, fill aqueducts supplying water to the many fruit-

gardens and to the mills. Mr. Harris was taken by Selim to his parents' house in the town, where he had food and lodging for the night, after walking about for two hours, late in the evening, with Selim's father. The family were much alarmed, however, when they knew he was an infidel, for the son's life would probably have been forfeited in the event of detection. He could not venture next morning out in the streets by daylight; in fact, he lay in the house all day, sleeping off his fatigue; he was told that the news of his coming had been spread by the reports of the Beni-Hassan, and that all the town was alert to catch him. It was proposed that after dark he should escape, wrapped up in the voluminous dress of a Moorish woman, but he chose rather the torn and ragged brown cloak of a mountaineer. A friendly peasant named Mohammed, whose dwelling was in a village four miles distant, undertook to accompany Mr. Harris, on foot, out of Sheshouan by the chief town gate. They went out, that evening, as quietly as possible, crossed the "soko" or marketplace outside the walls, and waited among the ferns and rocks till Selim came to them. A long and toilsome walk over rough ground, and through sharp thorny bushes, which lacerated his naked legs and feet, brought Mr. Harris and his companions to the cottage of Mohammed, where he was kindly taken care of. His mules were sent after him next morning; but the villagers, as well as the Sheshouan townsfolk, were angrily looking out for the Christian intruder, and he could not leave the cottage till night, after the moon went down. Mohammed, "a stalwart, handsome mountaineer," refusing all payment for his services, walked on for eight hours with the English stranger whom he had rescued from great peril and had most hospitably entertained. It was very difficult to persuade him even to accept the price of the food eaten by his visitors, as he left Mr. Harris and Selim at the ruined "fondak," or caravanserai, on the road to Zenat.



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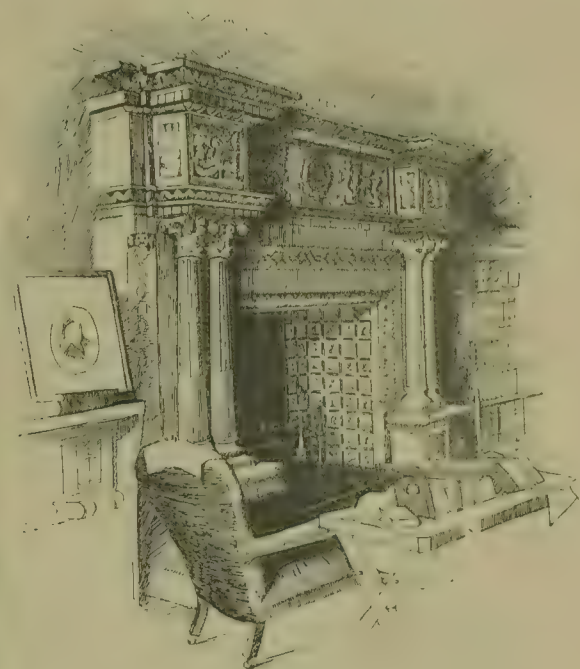
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ST. STEPHEN.



THE GREAT HALL.

Although it is within a stone's-throw of the great high road to Bristol, Clevedon Court is essentially as much out of the world and self-contained as if it lay miles from the busy haunts of men, with which, indeed, it has little or nothing in common.

Perhaps the spirit of the great novelist who loved Clevedon, and reproduced it as Castlewood, in the pages of his noblest romance, guards it and shields it from the rush and hurry of the world of to-day; perhaps the ghosts of Beatrix and Henry Esmond yet wander on the upper garden terrace or meet below the trees that stand on the seaward side of the beautiful house; or perhaps, once more, the stern presence of Rachel Lady Castlewood is still to be felt in the wide oak

hall, where she watched Beatrix descending the stairs in her red shoes, holding the candle up over her head to throw the light down on her stately head and beautiful shoulders, as she came to greet those who had just entered in the small inner passage that now leads straight into the great hall, where, whatever the weather is outside, coolness seems to linger strangely, as if even the changes in the temperature could not affect a place which had remained much as it was left by the builder's hands some time during the fourteenth century until the great fire of a few years ago, which destroyed almost the complete half of the house, disclosing at the same time some curious fourteenth-century arches in the second hall, and another window in the small chapel, that is,

perhaps, one of the most interesting spots in a most interesting and beautiful house.

But, whatever the cause of the strange quiet that seems to keep the house separate and distinct from all other houses that we have even seen, the effect remains the same; and as we stay for a while looking up at the house, on the old half of which an enormous pomegranate climbs, laden with fruit, which ripens, year by year, in the soft and marvellous Clevedon air, we cannot help being struck by the peace that seems to enwrap it, although round the square chimneys the jackdaws are croaking dismally, and, far away, we can hear the sheep calling to each other; while every now and then a heavily-laden waggon passes on the road below, the driver shouting

CLEVEDON COURT, SOMERSETSHIRE.

to his horses or whistling merrily to himself as he goes on his way to the big, noisy Bristol city. The old part of the house is on the right hand as we stand on the drive and gaze up at the lovely place, on the left front of which the architect has proudly carved the words "An honour to Somerset." But so cunningly has The Court been rebuilt, and so quickly is Nature reclothing it with luxuriantly-growing creepers, that it requires a practised eye indeed to tell where the old leaves off and the new begins to form the house—a task rendered less difficult, however, when we pass to the high terraces which lead up from the level ground to the beautiful woods behind the house, whence we can see quite easily where the fire did its deadly work, and as easily discriminate between the new and the old.

And perhaps the best place to see the house from is one of these same terraces, for from them we look down to and over the house, and begin to recognise some likeness between it and the Queen Anne sketch of it that hangs in the inner hall. But the lines of fish-ponds shown therein are missing, and the high-road now cuts straight through what was then a wide green stretch of meadow-land, belonging to and attached to The Court; but which has, we believe, passed entirely into other hands than those of the family who now hold The Court, and have held it since it passed from the possession of John Digby, Earl of Bristol, into that of Sir Abraham Elton, the first Baronet and founder of the family. Sir Abraham appears to have been a prominent figure in Bristol in the early part of the eighteenth century, when he bought this and two other properties in different parts of England about the same time—one of which, White Staunton, still remains in the family, and is superior to Clevedon inasmuch as it possesses a "curse" all its own, and a ghost; neither of which hall-marks of antiquity is vouchsafed to The Court—if we except the ghosts that we cannot help raising for ourselves. For whoever comes to Clevedon must raise ghosts for himself from "Esmond," and from the "Memoirs of Arthur Hallam," whose monument hangs on the walls of Clevedon old church, and who, in company with many another great and well-known man, must have often walked in the Clevedon gardens or rested in the silence of the library, which unfortunately perished in the fire which completely destroyed the marvellous Elizabethan fireplace shown in one of our Illustrations, as well as most of the valuable library, collected carefully for years by the Elton family, and more especially by Sir Arthur Hallam Elton, who had the misfortune to live to see these books burn before his eyes, and half the house, of which he had taken such fond and reverent care, reduced to ashes. The fireplace has been restored almost line for line, as, indeed, the whole house has been restored in the same loving way; but it cannot be the same, naturally, and suggests nothing beyond the faithfulness of the architect and a sorrowful feeling that so much was destroyed that was really as old as it looks. And we do not lose this feeling when we enter the best bed-room, with its old oak bedstead, and hear of all the glories that once were its own—glories now concentrated in a tiny chapel, just off the bed-room, exactly as are modern dressing-rooms arranged now, but complete and beautiful with its miniature altar, its piscina, and its stained-glass window—a recent addition, but framed in the old window-frame discovered by the fire, and which was unknown of before by the family, who used this chapel every now and then, on more specially solemn occasions.

The drawings familiar now to readers of *Scribner's* are in the library at Clevedon, and are becoming faint with age. But the nursery shown in one of the Sketches perished in the fire, though the school-room remains, and looks just the same as it was when Thackeray sat there and drew the present Lady Elton as a small curly-headed child of about two, who, now grown up and with children of her own, just remembers Thackeray's visits—but only just—the while she joins in our regrets that the date of the year is never put to either letters or sketches, Thackeray having generally, if not always, contented himself with the month and day of the month; sometimes putting simply "Monday," "Tuesday," or whatever the day of the week might be, utterly regardless of posterity in a most trying manner.

But proud as the present owner is of his lovely home and the numerous interests that are inseparable therefrom, his heart is not in The Court itself, but just outside it, where in a small shedlike erection, or rather in a series of shedlike erections, is produced under his own eye, and his own directions, that curious pottery, well known to connoisseurs as Elton ware, which has an unlikeness to any other pottery, and an originality of design that attracts attention to itself no matter where it is placed, or among what other ware it may for the moment find itself.

"The offspring of an ill-regulated mind," says Sir Edmund himself, as he girds himself with the orthodox potter's apron, and gets himself into a regulation blouse; but, ill-regulated or not, it is a mind that is never idle, and that has produced under its auspices some of the most exquisite combinations of colouring that we, personally, have ever seen. While we are assured that this combination of colour is due in a great measure to chance, and that no one can tell how a piece is coming out of the kiln, or whether it will issue therefrom as a complete wreck or not, we look on with immense interest at the wheel, at which Sir Edmund seats himself in the orthodox potter's fashion, and while we watch his workmanlike way of setting to work, see just a little more than chance in the manner in which the vase of the future is "thrown," and, finally, left to dry. One ready to be embellished is placed on the circular table shown in the Illustration, and promptly receives certain most mysterious indentations and sketchings with a sharp-pointed pencil that develop afterwards into flowers and birds, serpents, or conventional designs, just as it has pleased the artist at the moment to draw out his ideas on the soft clay, which, after being coloured by being washed in coloured clay about as thick as an egg-shell, receives its first "baptism of fire" in the kiln, and is then plunged into the glaze, which gives it a mysterious white and ghost-like appearance. After this it returns once more to the kiln, whence the "saggers" which contain this and many another specimen of the famous ware are once more withdrawn and become either causes of "blessing" or "banning," according to the manner in which they have taken the glaze and acquired colour in the furnace. Colour—exquisite clear scarlet or a peculiar greeny-blue, like the breast of a peacock—is the great feature in the Elton ware, and is, therefore, the one thing about which the potter has to be quite sure. But he also aspires after wondrous designs in tiles, and has produced, among other curious devices, the one of St. Stephen which is illustrated here, and which is, we believe, in the church at White Staunton.

The whole history of the Elton ware manufacture would require columns to describe. To tell of the failures, the heart-breaking rush of poisonous sulphur fumes which spoiled hundreds of pounds' worth of ware over and over again, would take volumes; but to the student the story would be valuable if as a mere study of patience conquering almost insuperable difficulties. And if Sir Edmund still mourns over the lovely Elton red which for the nonce had escaped him, he yet can point complacently to rows of beautiful vases and jugs in

marvellous colourings, which, unique in themselves—no two specimens being precisely alike—would rejoice the heart of any connoisseur simply to contemplate and handle—let alone to possess.

There are few more interesting places in England than Clevedon Court, and its Sunflower pottery, cunningly concealed among the outbuildings in such a way that no mere visitor to The Court would notice the immediate presence of a thriving manufactory; and as we turn away from the house and climb up the lovely sheltering hills, below which The Court nestles in the clear autumnal sunshine, and come out on the top of the hills, from which we can see the deep, brown waters which Clevedon itself fondly calls the sea, we look back regretfully at this typical English home, and wish devoutly that more of our landowners would go with the times and turn their attention and their talents to some such delightful task as that which connects the Elton name with one of the most beautiful and satisfactory manufactures of the present day.

J. E. PANTON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

AMATEUR (Havannah).—We are much obliged for the information, use of which we make below. We shall be much surprised if your own expectation of the winner is not realised.

A. L. S. (Redhill).—We are pleased to hear from so old a correspondent as yourself, and the games shall have careful attention.

J. W. PYBBS.—Your diagrams still lack clearness, but we will give them proper examination.

L. F. THURGOOD.—Whatever merits your problem may possess it is quite impossible for us to publish one whose solution consists of a series of checks.

D. MCCOY (Galway), M. JACKSON, Mrs. BAIN.—Problems received with thanks, and shall be duly reported upon.

* * * We much regret Mr. Healey's problem (No. 2329) is unsound, 1. Kt to B 7th proving a second solution.

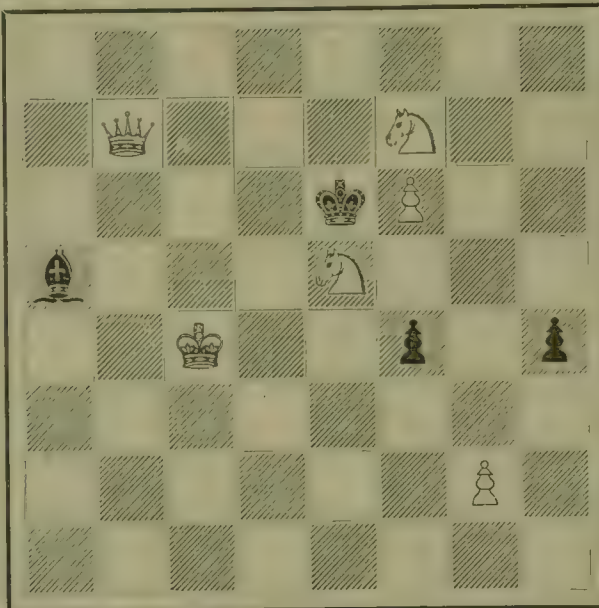
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2324 received from G. B. Hewett (Middle Colaba); of No. 2326 from H. S. B. (Shooter's-hill), W. W. Hardman, and W. H. Hayton; of 2327 from W. W. Hardman, E. G. Boys, E. W. Rickett, G. W. G. Brodie, Isonomy, Charles Hetherington, E. J. Gibbs, and Percy R. Gibbs (Plastow); of No. 2328 from A. W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter), W. W. Hardman, E. G. Boys, P. C. (The Hague), J. G. Hankin, Carlisle W. Wood (Plymouth), Stowmat, Columbus, Maxwell Jackson (B.A.), E. W. Rickett, Coggeshall Chess Club, and J. L. Cooke (Cardiff).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2329 received from A. W. Hamilton Gell, Bernard Reynolds, Shadforth, L. Desanges, Dane John, D. McCoy (Galway), W. H. Hayton, Jupiter Junior, Dawn, J. Dixon, E. Phillips, E. Casella (Paris), G. J. Powell, Howard A. Coggeshall Chess Club, W. H. Reed (Liverpool), Maxwell Jackson (B.A.), W. W. Hardman, E. L. Kearney, R. H. Brooks, L. Greco (Munich), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), M. W. D. (Woburn), R. Workers (Canterbury), W. H. Hayton, Julia Short, E. Louden, J. Ross Sarg, G. S. Quindunc, H. S. B., Dr. Law, J. Baikie, John S. Moorat (Boulogne), Stowmat, Columbus, G. V. (Brentwood), Thomas Chown, T. Roberts, Arthur Emanuel, J. Gaskin, Lieut-Colonel Lorraine, John G. Grant, Rev. Winfield Cooper, Ruby Rook, Aliquis, R. F. N. Banks, Dr. F. St., and G. J. Veale.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2327.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. K to Q 4th. Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2331.
By SIGNOR ASPA.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

The Grand Winter Handicap at Simpson's Divan commenced on Saturday, Dec. 1. Five prizes are being competed for, and nearly twenty players have entered, among the representatives of the first class being Bird, Lee, Mason, and Pollock. The time-limit will be twenty moves an hour. Mr. H. E. Bird is hon. sec.; and Mr. J. Henley, of Simpson's, hon. treasurer.

Two tournaments are also in progress at the British Chess Club. In one the competitors start on even terms; the other is a handicap. Both are strictly limited to members, and none of the masters have been invited to compete. Mr. Loman still leads the first-class players, and up to the date of our last report had not lost a single game. The chief scorers of the other sections are making a very level fight of it amongst themselves, and growing interest is taken in every successive round. Last week the committee elected nine new members, the most notable of whom was Mr. Morlan, a strong representative of France.

The match between Messrs. Steinitz and Tschigorin is definitely announced to be played at Havannah early next January. The local chess club provides the stakes, which consist of 30 dols. for each game to the winner and 10 dols. to the loser. The match is to be decided by the best score in twenty games.

The Plymouth Chess Club has arranged with Mr. Blackburne for an exhibition of blindfold play to take place at the Royal Hotel on Wednesday, Dec. 12, when Mr. Blackburne will be opposed by eight members of the club.

Mr. F. J. Lee visited the Bournemouth Chess Club on Nov. 22, and played twelve simultaneous games against its strongest members, with the following result:—Won seven, lost one (to Mr. Budden, hon. secretary), and three were unfinished.

On Nov. 17 the Amethyst Chess Club defeated the Zukertort Club by 8½ games to 4½, and on Nov. 23 were successful against the Shoreditch Y.M.C.A. Chess Club by 7 games to 1.

A match has taken place at the British Chess Club between Messrs. Bird and Blackburne; it was won by Mr. Blackburne, who scored 4 to 1. Another match between the same combatants will shortly be played at Simpson's.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OTHER SENSES THAN OURS.

My Dalmatian dog, "Spotty," has been considerably agitated in mind this morning over the appearance of a strange cat in my back garden. Albeit he is not on particularly friendly terms with the two feline members of the household, "Spotty" yet contrives to bear and forbear where the cats proper to his home are concerned. The mother-cat is somewhat given to a spitefulness of disposition towards her Dalmatian co-tenant, and her black son, the "Professor," treats the dog with high-handed contempt. But, as things are, life rubs on easily enough where the canine and feline units are concerned. A stray cat, however, appearing within his own and special domain, causes "Spotty" a world of anxiety. He longs to leap up and doing in the way of battle, and his voice rings loud and deep when, secure on the broken glass-bottles of the garden-wall, the strange cat contemplates his attitude and hears his loud vociferations with equanimity, or with something which goes as nearly as is possible to expressing a feline smile of contempt. "Spotty's" anxieties, however, are not limited to this barking at the cats which perpetually leap to and fro "over the garden wall." When not a cat is to be beheld, and when there is not a vestige of a feline within a mile of him, I can tell of his latent animosity to the cat-tribe being aroused by his sniffing the ground, by his low growls and sharp yelps, and by the bristling of his back hair as his vivid imagination depicts before his mind's eye the possibility of the fray.

This sniffing and smelling of dogs which hunt their prey like my Dalmatian by aid of their noses, opens up a curious study in animal senses, and one which leads us towards many unsolved problems of life and brain. In the first place, what is it that my dog perceives? What is it that arouses his brain and muscle, through the medium of his sense of smell? A cat passes with a light tread over the ground. Allow, if we will, that there is a characteristic odour pertaining to the cat-body—and to all other carnivorous animals, indeed—and the problem does not become simplified even after such an admission. What is there in the odour which remains to mark to my dog's intelligence and perception each light foot-fall of the cat in the back garden? What is the nature of the scent of the hunter which the wind carries to the wary deer, or to the lion or rhinoceros itself? What is the exact cause of the power which enables the vulture to scent the prey from afar off, or which tells the eagles where the carcass lies for attack? Let us try to argue this matter out as best we may. The senses of an animal are its "gateways of knowledge." The eye sees not, neither does the ear hear. They are merely instruments—"receiving offices," to put it plainly—which transmit to the brain the impressions of the outer world, which modify, parcel out, and assort these impressions, and adapt them for being understood and appreciated by the seeing-centres and hearing-centres of the organ of mind. So much is matter of ordinary physiological teaching. And what of the impressions which fall upon eye and ear, nose and tongue, and skin? Everything in the way of sense, as Goethe put it long ago, resolves itself into a matter of touch. Every other sense is a modification of touch; or, as it was originally put, "touch is the mother of all the senses." When we touch any object, that, of course, is ordinary sensation, pure and simple. It is the contact of the nerve-ends with the outer world, with which our nervous system brings us into relation. When we taste there is contact—that is to say, "touch"—of the substance to be tasted with the nerves of tongue and palate. When we smell there must be contact of nerve-ends again, with the odoriferous particles. When we hear and see, there is the impinging of waves of sound and of waves of light upon ear-drum and retina (the nerve-network of the eye), respectively. Ethereal and delicate must ear-touch and eye-touch be, yet it is a contact of something material from the outside world with something material in eye and ear nevertheless. All our sensations and impressions, then, are reduced to the level of touch. It is only a question of the degree of fineness of the touch, and not one of difference of the kind of touch, which awaits the comprehension of science whenever senses and their methods are discussed at all.

But certain clear facts lead us nigh to the comprehension of "Spotty," and his perception of cat-presence, as well as to the understanding of the powers of the bloodhound in tracking the criminal, or of those of the St. Bernard in finding the frozen man beneath the snow.

It is provable, first of all, that any form of matter which possesses a smell at all, exhibits that property in virtue of its power of giving off fine particles of its substance. It is similarly clear that the odour of any body will be the more powerful according as its particles are freely given off. Take the case of musk, for instance. We weigh a grain of musk in a chemical balance which turns the scale with the merest fraction of a grain. Thuswise, we secure exact weight, and we place our grain weight of musk in a room. For years our grain of musk will appreciably scent that apartment. During all this period it must, therefore, have been giving off its particles to the air; yet, mark the astounding result—if we weigh it years afterwards, we shall find it show exactly the weight it originally possessed. Plainly, then, the particles given off from the musk in such numbers must have been of such microscopic size as to leave practically unaffected the bulk of the substance. Our minds fail to grasp any idea of the size of such particles. Sir William Thomson's estimate of the size of atoms may find a parallel in the particles of our musk; yet, small as these particles are, you observe they excite the sense of smell, and become appreciated by our brain as those of a well-known perfume. It may interest us to know that Sir William Thomson makes the ultimate atoms of matter each measure, in diameter, the one-fifty-millionth part of an inch. As far as sight is concerned, I believe Helmholtz gives a particle which is the eighty-thousandth part of an inch in diameter, as the smallest which can be distinctly made out by the eyes in association with other particles. Such estimates of what matter is, microscopically regarded, may serve to teach us something of the acute nature of the sense of smell in man, relatively to our particles of musk.

But that the dog's sense of smell is infinitely more delicate than our own it is evident. Your collie tracks out your footsteps by the odour they have given off amidst a dense crowd of people. "Spotty" recognises the tread of the cat, by reason of the fine particles which the feline impression has left behind it, and which appeal to his nerves of smell while all unrecognised by us. The bloodhound, in the same way, with keen scent, traces out the resemblance in smell between the footsteps of the criminal and those of the garment which belonged to the evildoer. The dog's brain shows large lobes of smell, and big nerves emanating therefrom. His nervous apparatus in this respect makes for him a world of odours all unappreciated by his master. As there are many other worlds than our own whirling round in the blue ether, so in truth, in lower life, there are many other, more powerful and acute senses than ours.

ANDREW WILSON.

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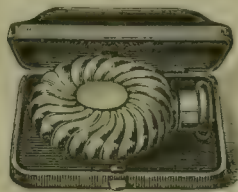
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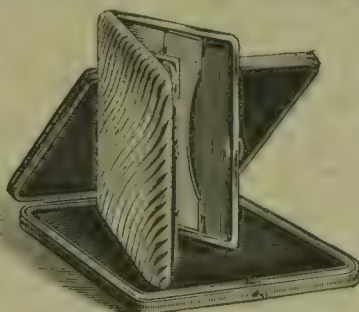
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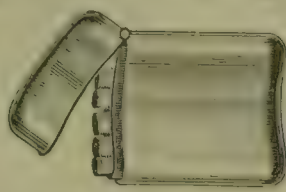
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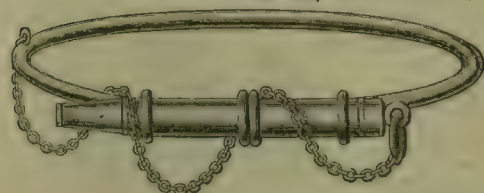
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MUSIC.

The third Monday evening Popular Concert of the new series brought forward Brahms's new "Gipsy-Songs." These characteristic pieces are among the composer's latest productions, and, like his "Liebes-lieder Waltzer"—which have long been popular—they are composed for four voices and pianoforte. The quaint melodies (we believe these are original, not national)—with their characteristic rhythm and appropriate harmonic treatment—are very charming, and the pieces will doubtless be as much in request as were their predecessors—above referred to. The Gipsy-Songs were excellently rendered on the occasion now alluded to by Mrs. Henschel, Miss L. Little, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Henschel, as vocalists, and Miss Fanny Davies as pianist. At the same concert, Miss M. Wild made a very favourable impression by her execution of a "Scherzo" by Chopin. Madame Norman-Néruda (Lady Hallé) continues to be the leading violinist at the evening concerts; Miss Agnes Zimmermann having been announced as solo pianist at that of Dec. 3. The Gipsy-Songs of Herr Brahms were repeated at the afternoon performance of Dec. 1.

The second of the new series of Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts, at St. James's Hall, brought forward—for the first time in England—the music to a "Ritterballet" composed by Beethoven, in 1790, an early production which is chiefly interesting on that account; but little, if any, sign of the master's subsequent greatness being apparent. Miss Fanny Davies's admirable performance of Mozart's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor was a feature of the concert, other items of which call for no specific mention. The third concert, on Dec. 4, was of strong interest, but comprised no novelty requiring comment.

The second concert of the season of the Royal Choral Society (heretofore called the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society) was appropriated to a performance of Mr. Cowen's oratorio, "Ruth." The work was originally produced at the Worcester Festival of last year, with a success which was repeated on its performance in London and elsewhere, including Melbourne in September last, during its composer's engagement there as director of the musical proceedings connected with the Exhibition. In its recent performance at the Royal Albert Hall the vocal soloists were Misses Anna Williams and A. Larkcom, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. B. McGuckin, and Mr. W. Mills, who were more or less efficient. On the whole, the choral portions of the oratorio were generally the most effectively rendered; but signs of the want of further rehearsal, both of chorus and orchestra, were occasionally apparent.

We have already given details of the festival performance of the "Messiah" in Westminster Abbey, on Nov. 29, in celebration of the 150th anniversary of the Royal Society of Musicians. But little remains to be added to the particulars previously furnished. As already said, the solo vocalists were Mesdames Albani and Patey; Messrs. Harper, Kearton, Hilton, and Brereton. There was a full orchestra and chorus, Dr. J. F. Bridge (organist of the Abbey) conducted, and Mr. Jekyll presided at the organ.

The celebrated Heckmann quartet party reappeared, as already briefly stated, at Prince's Hall on Nov. 29, too late for comment until now. We have several times recognised, in previous notices, the admirable playing of the four artists concerned, and this was again evidenced on the occasion now referred to in string quartets, by Schumann and Beethoven; and in Brahms's pianoforte quintet in F minor, with Madame

Haas as pianist; the lady having also given an artistic performance of a prelude and fugue by Bach.

On the same date as that of the Heckmann quartet concert, Madame Essipoff gave an afternoon recital at St. James's Hall. The eminent Russian pianist played a varied selection, including Schumann's solo sonata in G minor, with admirable execution. In some pieces for two pianos, Madame Essipoff was associated with Madame Fannie Bloomfield, who made a good impression.

The Crystal Palace Concert of Dec. 1 brought forward, for the first time here, a "Cortège Fantastique," an orchestral work by Herr Moszkowski. The composer was first made known in this country by several sets of pieces for two performers on the pianoforte. These pieces are all of exquisite beauty, full of distinctive character, admirable alike in subject and treatment, and altogether forming a series of exquisitely finished miniatures. Compositions (for the orchestra) of a more ambitious, but a less successful, kind were produced (conducted by himself) at our Philharmonic concerts. The work brought forward at the Crystal Palace is bright and characteristic, and will probably be soon heard again. The concert referred to included Madame Essipoff's fine rendering of Schumann's pianoforte concerto in A, and smaller unaccompanied pieces; and vocal solos well rendered by Mdlle. Badia.

A fresh addition to musical activity in London was to be inaugurated at St. James's Hall on Thursday evening, Dec. 6, when a new series of Novello's Oratorio Concerts was to begin with a performance of Dr. C. Hubert Parry's oratorio "Judith."

The reproduction of Gounod's opera, "Roméo et Juliette" took place at the Paris Grand Opéra on Nov. 28; with Madame Adelina Patti's first performance of the character of Juliette, with the French text. The part is one in which the great prima-donna has often appeared, with signal success, in the version of the work given at our Royal Italian Opera house; the first occasion having been in 1867. Her recent performance in Paris is said by competent judges who were present to have manifested all its former charms of voice and style, and to have realised a fresh success for the incomparable artist. She was admirably supported by M. Jean de Reszké as Romeo, and M. E. De Reszké as Friar Laurence; the part of Capulet having been well sustained by M. Delmas. The composer conducted the performance. The opera, as modified by M. Gounod for its reproduction in Paris, will probably find repetition in this shape in London.

The second and last of the two Patti concerts at the Royal Albert Hall will take place on Dec. 11, this being the final appearance here of the great prima-donna previous to her departure to fulfil her foreign engagements.

The death was recently announced of Signor Cesare Liséi, the energetic and courteous manager of the London branch of the eminent firm of Ricordi, of Milan. The deceased gentleman was highly esteemed by all who were acquainted with him. The funeral took place at Kensal-green Cemetery, on Nov. 29.

Another recent death of one who was associated with the musical world was that of Mr. Desmond L. Ryan, who was for many years musical critic of the *Standard* newspaper. He not only possessed sound musical knowledge, both theoretical and practical, but manifested on several occasions much literary taste and capacity, apart from newspaper work (especially in several librettos for cantatas) and considerable talent for musical composition. He had not completed his thirty-eighth year.

Mr. William Carter gave a grand Scotch Festival at the Albert Hall on St. Andrew's Day; Mr. Isidore De Lara's second Vocal Recital took place on Nov. 27 at Steinway Hall; Mr. S. De Sola's morning concert on Nov. 29 at Prince's Hall; the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society's first evening concert this season at St. James's Hall on Dec. 1; Miss Marian Bateman and Miss Esther Mowbray's recital of original compositions for two performers, on Dec. 7; and Herr Von Czeke, professor of the violin, gives a vocal and instrumental concert, on Dec. 8, at Addison Hall.

THE RECENT NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The Special Commission of naval experts appointed to report upon the recent manœuvres, has sent in its final report to Lord George Hamilton. The evidence laid before the Commission was of a voluminous nature, and in many cases contained important suggestions of a confidential character for the conduct of future blockades. The Commanders of the opposing squadrons, Admiral Tryon and Admiral Baird, and the second in command, as well as the Captains and umpires of both squadrons engaged in the manœuvres, gave evidence at considerable length, and their testimony having been carefully considered by the highest naval experts has been reported upon by the Commission. We understand that to Sir George Tryon has been awarded the victory, he having by the most efficient manœuvring been able to break Admiral Baird's blockade, to attack several English ports, and to capture many merchant-vessels.

At the quarterly court of the governors of the Brompton Hospital for Consumption held at the hospital on Nov. 29, the report of the committee of management, read by the secretary (Mr. H. Dobbin), stated that since the last court the necessary repairs, cleaning, and painting, had been effected throughout the extension building, and the wards having been reopened, the whole of the 321 beds in the two buildings are now again in full occupation. The cost of these repairs had been considerable, and funds would be gladly received, not only to defray these, but to meet the largely increased expenses of the coming winter. The number of in-patients admitted since Aug. 2 was 582; discharged, many greatly benefited, 402; died, 90; new out-patient cases, 4349.

A meeting of the executive council of the British Section of the Paris Exhibition, 1889, was held at the Mansion House, on Nov. 30. Mr. H. Trueman Wood, one of the secretaries, reported that the whole of the space placed at the disposal of the British Section has been allotted among exhibitors. Various colonies desired to participate, but appeals to the French authorities failed in obtaining any extension of the original amount of space granted. The committee, however, has been able to devote a considerable space to Victoria and New Zealand, and to the Cape of Good Hope. There is every likelihood of an adequate representation of British art, and promises of support have been received from many leading artists. The Lord Mayor has become president of the general committee, Sir P. De Keyser, his predecessor, continuing to act as chairman and treasurer of the executive council. Sir Frederick Leighton, advertising to the fine art section, said, in view of the fact that in Paris in 1878 England had been represented very worthily in matters of art, it would be damaging if British art were not well represented at the forthcoming exhibition. The council voted, including previous grants and donations, £2000 towards the expenses of the art section.

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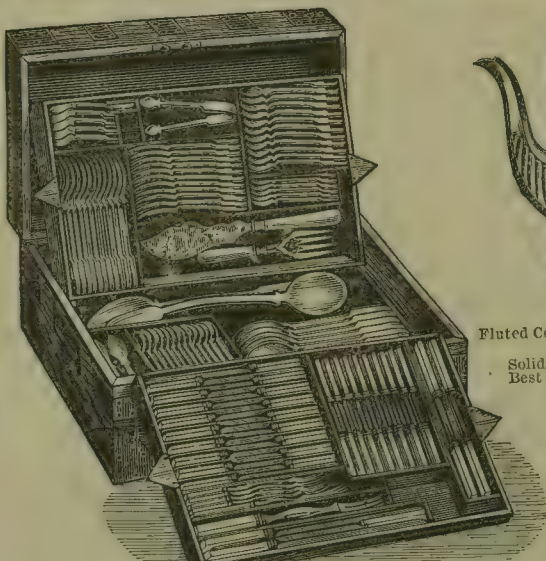
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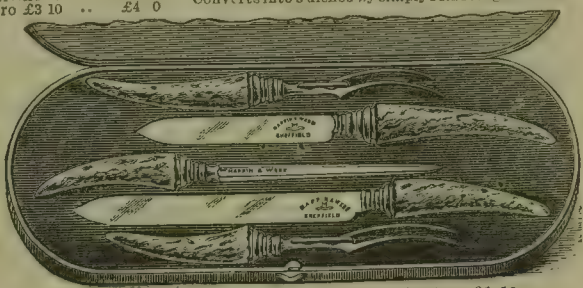
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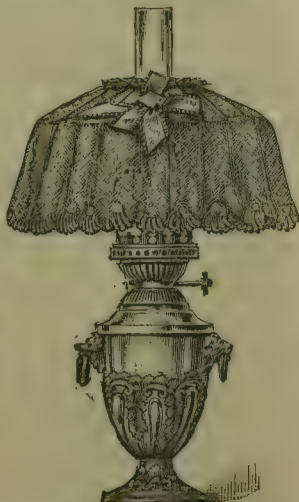
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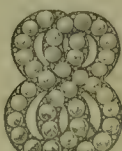
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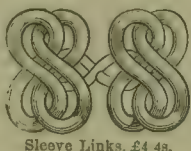
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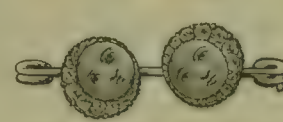


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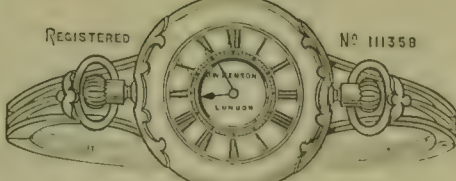


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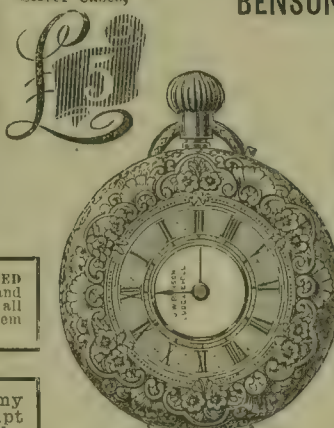
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 4, 1887), with three codicils (dated July 11, 1888; Aug. 4, 1888; and Sept. 29, 1888), of Mr. J. M. Levy, J.P., late of No. 51, Grosvenor-street, Hyde Park, who died on Oct. 12, at Florence Cottage, Ramsgate, has been proved. Mr. Edward Lawson and Mr. Albert Levy, the sons, and Alderman George Faudel Phillips, the son-in-law, are the executors. The value of the personal estate, exclusive of real property, amounts to upwards of £525,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to each of his two sisters, and other legacies to many old and personal friends, and also to his servants. In addition to other gifts, the testator bequeaths to his daughter Matilda £1000, free of duty, to be applied or distributed by her for such purposes of charity as she may think most advisable. He devises to his said daughter, Matilda, absolutely, his freehold house and the surrounding land at Ramsgate, with the furniture, china, and pictures contained in his residence there. The testator directs that with regard to his London residence, No. 51, Grosvenor-street, and the furniture, plate, china, books, pictures, &c., his trustees shall permit his said daughter, at her option, to have the personal use thereof for such period as she should desire. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his seven surviving children for life, and then to their children as they may appoint.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1883) of Mrs. Caroline Louisa Derby, widow, late of Regency-square, Brighton, who died on Oct. 12, was proved on Nov. 24 by Sir Arnold William White and Richard Alexander Bevan, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £220,000. The testatrix gives £200 to her executors, and all her household furniture, &c., between her two daughters. Subject thereto, she leaves all her property, upon trust, to pay half the income thereof to each of her daughters, Mrs. Katharine Louisa Drummond and Mrs. Ellen Maria Pechell, for life, with remainder to their husbands, and on their death, as to the capital as well as the income, for their respective children.

The Scotch Confirmation, under the seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated Dec. 31, 1883) of Mr. Peter Clouston, late of No. 1, Park-terrace, Glasgow, who died on Aug. 30 last, granted to David Barr, James Bullock, Matthew Bullock, Christina and Elizabeth Clouston, the daughters, Frederic Fairlie Elderton, and John Ebenezer Watson, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Nov. 13, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £178,000.

The will (dated Jan. 26, 1886) of Thomas Longueville Longueville, late of Penyllan Hall, Oswestry, who died on Oct. 27 last, was proved on Nov. 24 by Thomas Longueville,

the son, Anna Maria Longueville, the daughter, and Charles William Roberts, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £133,000. The testator bequeaths £35,000, and his household furniture, pictures, carriages and horses to his daughter, Anna Maria; and gives and devises all his real estate to his son, Thomas. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his said two children, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 10, 1878), with two codicils (dated Sept. 4, 1882, and Jan. 26, 1887), of Mrs. Elmina Crabbe, late of Glen Eyre, Basset, in the county of Southampton, who died at Bellagio, Italy, on Oct. 12, was proved on Nov. 24 by Eyre Macdonald Stewart Crabbe (the son) and Arthur Niblett (the nephew), the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £66,000. The testatrix gives £200 to the Royal South Hants Infirmary; all her books and the plate with the crest of a bear's head to her son Henry Stewart Spooner; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her son, Eyre Macdonald Stewart Crabbe.

The will (dated April 26, 1877), with two codicils (dated Dec. 2, 1880, and Dec. 18, 1883), of Mr. Henry Badcock, late of Wheatleigh Lodge, Taunton, Somerset, who died on Oct. 16, was proved on Nov. 15 by Henry Jefferies Badcock and Isaac Badcock, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £58,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, his household furniture and effects, carriages and horses, and the use, for life, of his house, to his wife, Mrs. Georgiana Badcock; £500 to his daughter, Georgiana; £100 each to the Church Missionary Society and the Church Pastoral Aid Society; and £100 to his sister, Elizabeth Badcock. He gives and devises certain land and premises in Devon to his son Henry Jefferies Badcock. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay annuities of £200 each to his sons, Isaac, Francis William, and Alexander Robert, and to his daughter, Georgiana, during the life of his wife, and the remainder of the income to her; on her death, £10,000 is given to each of his sons, Isaac, Francis, and Alexander, and his daughter, Georgiana; and the ultimate residue between his said three sons.

The will (dated July 20, 1888), with a codicil (of the same date), of Dame Frances Ann Rowe, late of No. 10, Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square, who died on Oct. 28, was proved on Nov. 10 by Colonel George Clayton Swiney, the nephew, Holroyd Chaplin, and Miss Sarah Ann Hayllar, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £46,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2500 each to Ellen Kennard, Richard Valpy, and Mary Valpy Valpy; £3750 each to Mrs. Mary Jane Cater and Mrs. Hannah Frances Harvey; £2000 each to

Percy Westmacott and Emily Brown; £2500, upon trust for John Montague Valpy; £4500, upon trust, each for Henry Stephen Swiney and George Clayton Swiney, and other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to Mrs. Mary Jane Cater and Mrs. Hannah Frances Harvey, in equal shares, as tenants in common.

The will (dated Feb. 16, 1888) of William Crundall, late of "Lords," near Faversham, Kent, who died on July 5, was proved on Nov. 23 by William Henry Crundall and Albert Edward Beechey Crundall, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £31,000. Subject to a legacy to his wife, Mrs. Catherine Susan Crundall, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, to pay £3000 per annum to his wife for life, and the remainder of the income thereof to his two sons. On the death of his wife, he leaves £45,000, upon trust, for his three daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Day, Mrs. Emily Jane Punnett, and Mrs. Catherine Helen Conchi; £12,000 to his son Albert Edward Beechey; his estate called "Lords" to his son William Henry; and residue of his property between his said two sons.

The will (dated April 13, 1881) of Robert Dymond, J.P., late of No. 1, St. Leonard-road, Exeter, and Blackslade, Widcombe-in-the-Moor, Devon, who died on Aug. 31, was proved at the District Registry, Exeter, on Oct. 2, by Mrs. Josephine Dymond, the widow, Arthur Kingston Dymond, the son, and George Edward Fox, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £27,000. Subject to the gift of £300 and all his household furniture and effects to his wife, and £100 to each of his grandchildren, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, to pay two thirds of the income thereof to his wife, during her widowhood, and one third between his three children—Arthur Kingston, Josephine Elizabeth, and Mrs. Caroline Anne Fosswill; but in the event of his wife again marrying she is only to receive one third, and his children take the remaining two thirds of the income; and subject thereto to his children in equal shares.

On St. Andrew's Day, the 24th anniversary festival of the Scottish Corporation was held in the Hôtel Métropole, under the chairmanship of Mr. Ritchie, M.P., President of the Local Government Board. In response to the Chairman's appeal, subscriptions to the amount of £2500 were announced.

Lady Claud J. Hamilton presented new colours to the 2nd Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers on Dec. 1, in place of a pair which have been in the possession of the regiment for over twenty years. The ceremony was performed on Rushmoor Green, where the regiment, in review order, paraded at twelve o'clock. A large assemblage of spectators was present.


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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

There will be only four ladies on the next London School Board. Mrs. Augusta Webster's loss of her seat is to be deplored; she is one of those persons whose presence it is worth while to secure on the Board, for the sake of the distinction which their personality confers on that body, apart from the consideration of how much time they are prepared to devote to the details of the work. The placing of a distinguished Indian statesman and financier like Sir Richard Temple at the bottom of the successful poll, and the rejection of a woman of letters and unusual culture like Mrs. Webster, are acts of electoral foolishness, the tendency of which is to reduce the *personnel* of the Board to a constantly lower level. Such events are only to be excused by the extreme difficulty of regulating the cumulative vote in conjunction with the ballot. For the successful use of the cumulative vote, open voting is necessary.

Of the ladies who are returned, Miss Davenport-Hill, who heads the poll in the City, is the only one who has previously been a member. She has the distinction of having been for many years the most regular attendant of all the members at the Board and committee meetings. There are very few days of the year on which Miss Davenport-Hill is not found at the Board office, except, of course, during the holidays. Mrs. Ashton Dilke, a young lady of ability and a good speaker, is the proprietor of the *Weekly Dispatch*, and widow of a brother of Sir Charles Dilke. Mrs. Annie Besant's position is well known from the suit successfully brought against her some years ago by her husband, a Church of England clergyman, to remove her little daughter from her custody on the ground of the mother's lack of religious belief. She is a near relative of an ex-Lord Chancellor, and is an undergraduate of London University, having passed the first examination for the Bachelor of Science degree. Mrs. Besant is avowedly an extreme Socialist, and was one of the candidates of that party; but their true strength is not to be measured by her success. The hold which Socialism has amongst the working classes may be gauged by the few votes polled by candidates like Mrs. Hicks and Mr. Bland, who had no personal hold on the electorate, and were Socialist candidates pure and simple. Mrs. Besant (like the Rev. Stewart Headlam) had also the support of many classes of electors, besides the Socialists. Mrs. Maitland, the other new lady member, has not, I believe, before this election, done anything in the public view.

Few ordinary incidents can bring home to one more acutely the instability of human life and the fallaciousness of human hope and effort than when there comes into one's hands the posthumous book of an author one has known. I do not know whether the same impression is produced on those who are not themselves authors. Perhaps not. We who know from experience how much fatiguing and irksome labour of brain and hand—how much steady effort consciously directed towards a future end and inspired by hope for that future—and how much vivid interest and delightful suspense go to the production of a book, probably feel the pathos most keenly. Certainly, to us who write books, it is deeply touching to see a volume brought forth from the press after its author, whom we knew in life, has passed to that place where "there is neither work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom." A newly-published book is so *live* a thing, however short may be its vital destiny; and to get this in one's hand, a thing of the moment, fresh and new, when the brain that conceived it is already stilled from all earthly interests, is a sermon on mortality. "Dreams and Dream-Stories," a book written by my late friend, as beautiful and brilliant as she was learned, Dr. Anna Kingsford, has just been published. According to a note by the editor, "the publication is made in accordance with the author's last wishes." It is impossible to criticise the book under the circumstances. I can say no more than that its contents are somewhat unequal in execution. Many of the sketches and stories are marked by a wild and weird imagination that is very impressive; others are parables containing both beauty and meaning; while one or two only—such as "The Panic-struck Pack-Horse"—are almost comical from their dreamlike lack of point and purpose. "Occultism," however absurd (or worse) it may seem to those of us who are not "bitten" by it, is unquestionably one of the most fashionable and popular fancies—or, should I say, faiths?—of the moment; and Dr. Kingsford's curious book will interest specially those of her own belief in "theosophy," "esoteric Buddhism," transmigration, dream revelations, and all the rest of the "Hermetic" cabala.

Dr. Klein alarmed us, a year or two ago, by an announcement that he had discovered that scarlet fever originated with milch cows. A certain far from uncommon disease of the udder, and one which the dairyman, however good his intentions, might easily overlook or confound with some simple eruptions, was declared to be the originating source of the scarlet fever contagion. This was very serious news to mothers, whose little ones ought to be chiefly fed upon milk, in various preparations, for at least the first two years of life. It was

serious news, too, for that considerable and sensible class of folk who take a drink of milk when many would fly to the dangerous resource of alcohol. The feeling of exhaustion, of "wanting something but you don't quite know what," is better met by a glass of milk than by a glass of wine, for persons with a pretty good digestion—always supposing that there is not scarlet fever in the tumbler. Dr. Klein's "discovery" that a simple and common cow-complaint originates that human epidemic is, happily, proved to be an error. His experiments and arguments appeared to be conclusive enough; but the repetition of his inoculations by others has not produced the same result, and a direct source of infection has been discovered for that case in which Dr. Klein could find no other source than the cows themselves. So milk-drinkers may again be at ease about the natural properties of their beverage, while dairymen and farmers have received a fresh lesson about the extreme importance of not allowing any person who comes from a house where there is scarlet fever to go near the milk.

Lord Compton deserved to lose his election in Holborn for the *gaucherie* of saying at a special meeting of ladies held in support of his candidature, and with no less a person than Mrs. Gladstone in the chair, that he disapproved of ladies taking part in politics.—The Marquis of Salisbury, on Nov. 30, made a most important declaration, in a speech to the Edinburgh branch of the Primrose League, of his own "earnest hope" that women may soon receive the Parliamentary franchise.—The Women's Suffrage Society's Central Committee will hold a special meeting on Dec. 12 for amending its rules, with the object of widening the basis of the society.—Miss Jane Cobden will, in all probability, stand for election to the London County Council; and should her nomination be refused on the ground that women are not qualified to be members, that question will at once be taken to a court of law to be settled. Lawyers differ upon it, at present; but the Local Government Board, which has the management of the elections, has given an opinion that females are ineligible. Miss Cobden is not only "the daughter of her father," but has high personal merits.

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OBITUARY.

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE.
Anna, Duchess of Sutherland and Countess of Cromartie, died on Nov. 25. Her Grace was only child of Mr. John Hay Mackenzie, of Newhall and Cromartie, and was born in 1829. In 1849 she married the present Duke of Sutherland, K.G., and had four sons and two daughters. In 1861 her Grace was created Countess of Cromartie and Viscountess Tarbat, with limitation to her second surviving son Francis, who now becomes Earl of Cromartie, who is married to the daughter of the fourth Lord Macdonald, and has issue. The Duchess of Sutherland was Mistress of the Robes to the Queen, 1870 to 1874; and Member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert. The Mackenzies of Cromartie, the former Earls of Cromartie, of whom the deceased Duchess was the heir, are one of the most distinguished families in Scotland. A Portrait of her Grace, from a photograph by Mr. H. S. Mendelssohn, of Pembroke-crescent, Notting-hill-gate, will be found in this week's publication.

SIR ANTHONY MUSGRAVE.

Sir Anthony Musgrave, G.C.M.G., late Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Queensland, died at Government House, Brisbane, on Oct. 9, aged sixty. He was third son of Anthony Musgrave, M.D., Treasurer of Antigua, and devoted himself from an early period to colonial employment. In 1852, he became Treasury-Accountant of Antigua, and Colonial Secretary of the island from 1854 to 1860. He was subsequently Administrator of Nevis, and of St. Vincent. In 1862, he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of St. Vincent; in 1864, Governor of Newfoundland; in 1869, Governor of British Columbia; in 1872, Lieutenant-Governor of Natal; in 1873, Governor of South Australia; in 1877, Governor of Jamaica; and in 1883, Governor of Queensland. He married, first, in

1854, Christiana Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Byam; and secondly, Jeanie Lucinda, daughter of Mr. David Dudley Field, of New York.

SIR DAVID WILLIAM BARCLAY, BART.

Sir David William Barclay, Bart., of Pierston, Ayrshire, died on Nov. 23. He was born Sept. 5, 1804; was formerly Captain in the 56th and 99th Regiments, and acted as Aide-de-Camp to Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Charles Colville, G.C.B., when Governor of Mauritius. In 1864 he was appointed member of the Legislative Council in that island. He was a great conchologist, and gathered many rare specimens during his long residence in Mauritius. Sir David married first, Feb. 16, 1829, Lis Joseph De Rune, daughter of Charles Malo, Marquis de Rune, and secondly, in 1872, Emily, second daughter of the late Mr. James E. Stacey, of Kingston, Surrey. By his first wife (who died March 22, 1867) he had several children; and by the second, an only son. He succeeded to the baronetcy at the decease, in 1859, of his nephew, Sir Robert Barclay, ninth Baronet. The title now devolves on Sir David's eldest son, Sir Colville Arthur Durell Barclay, eleventh Baronet, C.M.G.

MR. SARTORIS.

Mr. Edward John Sartoris, J.P. for Hants, M.P. for Carmarthen from 1868 to 1874, died on Nov. 23, aged seventy-four. He was eldest son of Mr. Urban Sartoris, of Sceaux Park, near Paris, by Matilda, his wife, daughter of Mr. Edward Rose Tunno, of Warnford Park, and received his education at Trinity College, Cambridge. He married, in 1842, Adelaide, eldest daughter of Mr. Charles Kemble, and leaves a daughter May, wife of Mr. W. H. Gordon, and a son, Algernon Charles Frederick Sartoris, of Tichfield, Hants, who married, in 1874, Ellen Wrenshall, daughter of General Ulysses Grant, President of the United States.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lieutenant-Colonel John Money Carter, late of the 1st Royals (Royal Scots Lothian Regiment), at his residence, Chiswick, on Nov. 28. He was born in 1812, and was the

only surviving son of the late Colonel John Carter, K.H. Colonel Carter married, in 1839, the Hon. Jane Ferguson Murray, daughter of Alexander, eighth Lord Elibank, by whom he leaves issue, surviving, two sons and four daughters, the eldest son being Colonel Charles Alexander Edward Stapleton Carter, Comptroller of Military Accounts at Madras.

Major-General William Hichens, R.E., C.B., on Nov. 29.

The Rev. Richard Okes, D.D., Provost of King's College, Cambridge, on Nov. 29, in his ninety-first year.

The Rev. Octavius Hartley, M.A., late Rural Dean of Potters, Bradford Portion, for eighteen years Vicar of Steeple Ashton, Wilts, aged sixty-two.

Captain George Thomas Delmé Radcliffe, lately of the 46th Regiment, on Nov. 28, youngest son of the Rev. Charles Delmé Radcliffe, Rector of Holywell, and grandson of Emilius Henry Delmé, who assumed the name and arms of Radcliffe.

Sir Walter G. Stirling, of Faskine, county Lanark, on Dec. 1, at his residence in Portman-square. He was born in 1802, and succeeded his father as second Baronet in 1832. His memoir will appear in our next issue.

Mr. Richard King-Wyndham, of Corhampton House, Hants, J.P., on Nov. 23. He was eldest son of the late Mr. John King, of Fowlescombe, and assumed the surname and arms of Wyndham in consequence of his marriage with Ellen Christian, daughter of Mr. John Campbell, of Dunoon, and sister and co-heir of Mr. John Henry (Campbell) Wyndham, of Corhampton. The Wyndhams of Corhampton, and The Close, Salisbury, are a branch of the Wyndhams of Dinton, Wilts.

BIRTH.

On Nov. 28, at Merrivale, Ross, the wife of Frank J. Constable Curtis, of a son.

DEATHS.

On Dec. 1, at Plaistow Lodge, Bromley, Kent, Mary Jane, widow of the tenth Baron Kinnaird, and daughter of the late W. H. Hoare, Esq., of Mitcham Grove, Surrey, aged 72.

On Dec. 1, at Villiers House, Blackheath, S.E., of phthisis, Mary Ann (Minnie) White, eldest child and only daughter of the late Henry White, Esq. (Treasurer of Sir John Cass's Charity), and of Sarah, his wife; aged forty-one years. A loving and devoted daughter and sister, deeply mourned.

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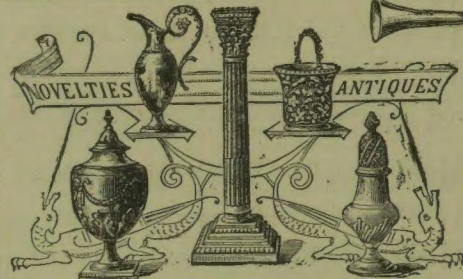
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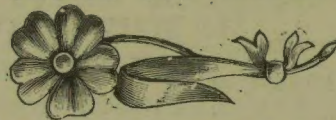
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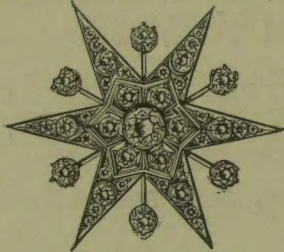
SPINK and SON, Goldsmiths and Silversmiths and 2, Gracechurch-street, Cornhill, London, E.C. [Estd. 1772.] Under the patronage of H.M. THE QUEEN, H.S.H. PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG, K.C.B.



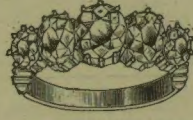
Gold Flower Brooch, Pearl Centre, £1 2s. 6d.



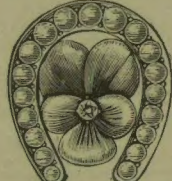
Gold Horn Brooch, with Brilliant Trefoil, £2 10s. Ditto, Pearl Centre, £1 15s.



Brilliant Star Brooch, £21, £27, £35, to £150. Also forms Hair-Pin and Pendant.



Brilliant Half-Hoop Rings, £12, £15, £22, £35, to £85.



Choice Pearl Brooch, enamel "Heartcase," with Brilliant Centre, £6 18s.

COLDS' CURED BY DR. DUNBAR'S ALKARAM, or Anti-Catarrh Smelling Bottle. ALKARAM. ALKARAM. ALKARAM.

IF inhaled on the first symptoms, ALKARAM will at once arrest them, and cure severe cases in half an hour. Sold by all Chemists, 2s. 9d. a Bottle. Address, Dr. Dunbar, care of Messrs. F. Newbery and Sons, 1, King Edward-st., E.C.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR INDIGESTION.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR HEARTBURN.

LIQUEUR of the GRANDE CHARTREUSE. This delicious Liqueur, which has lately come so much into public favour on account of its wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants.

WHAT TO GIVE FOR A PRESENT?—Few art manufactures offer such a large selection of articles combining novelty and beauty with lasting use as CHINA and GLASS, and fewer still give so much for so little! Special List on application. ALFRED B. PEARCE, 39, Ludgate-hill. (Established 1760.)

TO LADIES.—SALE of NEW MUSIC, at a large reduction and post-free. All New Songs, Pieces, &c., of all Publishers. New copies, best editions. Prices commence 4d., 6d., 8d. Catalogues sent post-free.—J. W. MOFFATT, 240, Caledonian-road, London, N. Established 1827.

MUSICAL BOXES.—Messrs Nicole Frères invite inspection of the Perfect Interchangeable Musical Box (Registered), by which a variety of airs can be produced.—21, Ely-place, London, E.C. Geneva, Estab. 1815. Price-List No. 6, post-free. Musical Boxes repaired.

CASTELLAMARE.—Hôtel Quisisana. DOMENICO CANNATALE, who escaped destruction by the fall of the Hotel Piccola Sentinella at Casamicciola, from the earthquake, hope to see the old clients at Castellamare.

LUCERNE.—Hôtel Schweizerhof and Lucernerhof. An extra floor and two new lifts added to the Schweizerhof. The electric light is supplied in the 500 rooms; no charge for lighting or service. HAUSER FRERES, Proprietors.

"ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU" there is no better Cough Medicine than KEATING'S LOZENGES. One gives relief; if you suffer from cough, try them but once; they will cure, and they will not injure your health; they contain only the purest and simplest drugs, skilfully combined. Sold everywhere, in 134d. Tins.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's AUREOLINE produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world. Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 31 and 32, Berners-st., W.

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LEANNESS or FATNESS.

The investigations of a German Physician of deep scientific research in reducing corpulency without the slightest danger have led to the further discovery of a means of putting flesh on thin persons and general development of figure, except in local atrophy. Either pamphlet in English free for one stamp—state if fat or lean. Manager, Chomberg Institute, 113, Regent-st., London, W.

M O N T E C A R L O .

The Administration of the Society of the BATHS OF MONACO

have the honour to announce the following arrangements made by them for the

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATIONS, 1888-9:

JANUARY.
Tuesday, 8th—Saturday, 12th.
M I R E I L L E.
Madame Vaillant-Couturier;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Degrave.
Tuesday, 15th—Saturday, 19th.
P H I L M O N E T B A U C I S.
Madame Vaillant-Couturier;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Degrave.
Tuesday, 22nd—Saturday, 26th.
L E C A I D.
Mesdames Samé, Vaillant-Couturier;
Messieurs Bertin, Degrave, Bouland.
Tuesday, 29th.
M I G N O N.
Mesdames Samé, Vaillant-Couturier;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Degrave.
FEBRUARY.
Saturday, 2nd.
M I G N O N.
Mesdames Samé, Vaillant-Couturier;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Degrave.
Tuesday, 5th—Saturday, 9th.
F A U S T.
Mesdames Fidès-Devriès, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Degrave.
Tuesday, 12th—Saturday, 16th.
L E S P E C H E U R S D E P E I L L E S.
Madame Fidès-Devriès;
Messieurs Dupuy, Soulaïroix, Degrave;
Tuesday, 19th—Saturday, 23rd.
R I G O L E T T O.
Mesdames Fidès-Devriès, Bouland;
Messieurs Dupuy, Soulaïroix, Degrave.
Tuesday, 26th.
L E S D R A G O N S D E V I L L A R S.
Mesdames Deschamps, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Bouland.
MARCH.
Saturday, 2nd.
L E S D R A G O N S D E V I L L A R S.
Mesdames Deschamps, Bouland;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Bouland.
Thursday, 7th—Saturday, 9th.
C A R M E X.
Mesdames Deschamps, Vaillant-Couturier, Soulaïroix;
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix.
Tuesday, 12th—Saturday, 16th.
M A N O N.
Madame Vaillant-Couturier;
Messieurs Talazac, Soulaïroix, Degrave.
Tuesday, 19th—Saturday, 23rd.
R O M E O E T J U L I E T T E.
Mademoiselle Simonnet;
Messieurs Talazac, Soulaïroix, Degrave.
Tuesday, 26th—Saturday, 30th.
L E R O I D Y S.
Mesdames Deschamps, Simonnet;
Messieurs Talazac, Soulaïroix, Degrave.

There will be a divertissement by the CORPS DE BALLET at each representation. TWENTY GRAND CONCERTS of ANCIENT and MODERN MUSIC, every Thursday at 2.30, commencing Nov. 22. ORDINARY CONCERTS on other days, morning and evening, by the renowned Orchestra of Sixty Performers.

THE "TIR AUX PIGEONS"

MATCHES will OPEN on TUESDAY, DEC. 11, 1888. Prix d'Ouverture. An object of art, added to a poule of 50 francs. Saturday, Dec. 15, Prix de Robiano. An object of art, added to a poule of 50 francs. Tuesday, Dec. 18, Prix Blake. An object of art, added to a poule of 50 francs. Saturday, Dec. 22, Prix de Montais. An object of art, with poule of 50 francs. Monday, Dec. 24, Prix Van Patroon. An object of art, with poule of 50 francs. Saturday, Dec. 29, Prix Halford. An object of art, with poule of 50 francs. Monday, Dec. 31, Prix Moncorgé. An object of art, with poule of 50 francs. Saturday, Jan. 5, 1889, Prix Gayoli. 500 francs added to a poule of 50 francs. Tuesday, Jan. 8, Prix Crossfield. 500 francs added to a poule of 50 francs. Thursday, Jan. 10, Prix Seaton. 500 francs added to a poule of 50 francs. Saturday, Jan. 12, Prix Saint-Trivier. 500 francs added to a poule of 50 francs.

GRAND INTERNATIONAL CONCOURSE.

Jan. 14, 16, 18, 19, 21, 23, 25, and 26. Monday, Jan. 14, Grande Poule d'Essai. 2000 francs added to a poule of 100 francs. Wednesday, Jan. 16, Prix d'Ouverture. An object of art and 3000 francs added to 100 francs entrance. Friday, Jan. 18, and Saturday, Jan. 19, Grand Prix du Casino. An object of art and 20,000 francs added to 200 francs entrance. Monday, Jan. 21, Prix de Monte Carlo. An object of art and 3000 francs added to 100 francs entrance. Wednesday, Jan. 23, Prix de Consolation. An object of art and 1000 francs. Friday, Jan. 25; Saturday, Jan. 26; and Monday, Jan. 28. THE THIRD TRIENNIAL CHAMPIONSHIP. An object of art and 5000 francs added to 200 francs entrance. Engagements to be addressed to Mr. Blondin. The Second Series of Fifteen Matches begins on Jan. 31, and extends to March 5. Particulars of Mr. Blondin. GRAND PRIX DE CLOTURE. Thursday, March 7, and Friday, 8. An object of art and 2000 francs added to 100 francs entrance.

S T. G O T H A R D R A I L W A Y ,

SWITZERLAND. The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route to Italy. Express from Lucerne to Milan in eight hours. Excursion to the Rigi by Mountain Railway, from Arth Station, of the Gotthard line. Through-going Sleeping-Cars from Ostend to Milan. Balcony Carriages, Safety Brakes. Tickets at all corresponding Railway Stations, and at Cook's and Gaze's Offices.

RHEUMATISM EXTERMINATED FROM THE SYSTEM, NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, BRAIN FOG, IMPAIRED VITALITY, LIVER AND KIDNEY DISEASES, LADIES' AILMENTS, &c., CURED by mild, imperceptible, continuous currents of Electricity, generated by wearing

HARNNESS' WORLD-FAMED (PATENT)

ELECTROPATHIC BATTERY BELT

The only Guaranteed Genuine Galvanic Belt recommended by the Leading Medical and Scientific Authorities.

MEN AND WOMEN

who wear HARNNESS' world-famed ELECTROPATHIC BELT find that it invigorates the debilitated constitution, stimulates the organic action, promotes the circulation, assists digestion, and promptly renews that vital energy, the loss of which is the first symptom of decay. Its healing properties are multifarious; it stimulates the functions of various organs, increases their secretions, gives tone to muscle and nerves, relaxes morbid contractions, improves nutrition, and renews exhausted nerve force. Acting directly on the system, it sustains and assists its various functions, and thus promotes the health and vigour of the entire frame.

IF YOU ARE SUFFERING

from any slight derangement, with the cause of which you are acquainted, you will find that HARNNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT affords a perfect means for the self-application of Curative Electricity. It is comfortable to wear, produces no shock, and is absolutely certain to do good in every case. The thousands of testimonials in favour of HARNNESS' ELECTROPATHIC APPLIANCES speak for themselves. A large number of them are published with Mr. HARNNESS' NEW PAMPHLET (gratis and post-free); but sufferers are invited to call if possible, and convince themselves by personally inspecting the originals. IF YOU HAVE ANY REASON to fear that your sufferings are serious or complicated, you are recommended to call; or, if you reside at a distance, to write for a private "Advice Form"; which will be sent to you by post (with Pamphlet), free of charge.

EVERYBODY IN SEARCH OF HEALTH AND STRENGTH

Should know that there is positively no Nerve Tonic and Health Restorative agent on earth so valuable and harmless as Nature's remedy, "ELECTRICITY," applied in the form of mild continuous currents as generated by wearing

HARNNESS' ELECTROPATHIC Battery BELT.

Pamphlet and Advice Free, personally or by Letter.
NOTE ONLY ADDRESS; and if you want to be permanently and speedily cured, without medicine, DISCARD PREJUDICE; call and inspect the original testimonials, and personally examine Mr. HARNNESS' numerous Curative Electrical Appliances, all of which are guaranteed genuine.

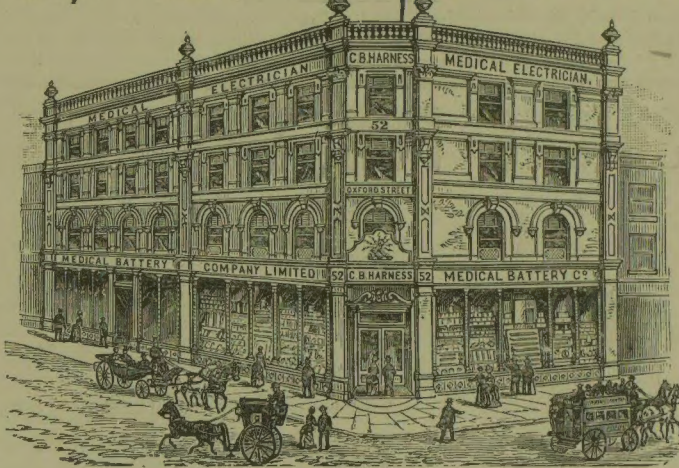
Mr. C. B. HARNNESS,

RESIDENTS at a DISTANCE, and those unable to call, should write for "Private Advice Form," which will be sent, together with Pamphlet and Copies of Testimonials, post-free to any address on application.
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Corner of Rathbone-place, W.



Open Daily for the TREATMENT and CURE of

Rheumatism, Brain Fog, Indigestion, Corpulence, Lumbago, Kidney Diseases, Constipation, General and Local Sciatica, Gout, Epilepsy, Neuralgia, Debility, Nervous Exhaustion, Paralysis, Female Disorders, Hernia, Sleeplessness, Spinal Weakness, Liver Complaint, Functional Disorders, &c.
All sufferers should consult Mr. C. B. HARNNESS, the Company's Chief Consulting Medical Electrician, who gives advice, either personally or by letter, free of charge.

CONSULTING MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN (President of the British Association of Medical Electricians), attends daily at the ELECTROPATHIC and ZANDER INSTITUTE, 52, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, W., and gives ADVICE FREE OF CHARGE, personally or by letter, on all matters relating to HEALTH and the application of CURATIVE ELECTRICITY, MASSAGE, and SWEDISH MECHANICAL EXERCISES.

TESTIMONIALS

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA CURED. G. W. BACON, Esq., 127, Strand, London, W.C., writes:—"Your Electropathic Belt acts like magic. It has completely restored me to health. I would not be without it for any money."

SCIATICA & RHEUMATIC PAINS CURED. Mr. R. J. WATSON, 13, Market-street, Harwich, writes:—"Harness' Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of Sciatica. After wearing it for a week I got relief, and have gradually been getting better, and am now quite free from pain. P.S.—You are at liberty to publish this."

RHEUMATISM AND INDIGESTION. Mr. GEORGE GARWOOD, 208, Caledonian-road, King's Cross, writes:—"My health has been very good ever since wearing Harness' Electropathic Belt, but before wearing it I was never free from pain."

RHEUMATISM AND DEBILITY CURED. Mr. W. CULLIS, 2, Girdner-road, Hampstead, London, writes:—"Harness' Electropathic Belt has done me so much good. My health generally is greatly improved."

LADIES AILMENTS CURED. Mrs. OSBOURNE, The Hollies, Newark-upon-Trent, writes:—"Sept. 27, 1888.—Your Electropathic Abdominal Belt has had a wonderful effect upon the circulation and in improving the general vitality of the system. Since wearing the Belt I have become quite strong, and can walk miles without fatigue. I am, in fact, completely cured by your treatment."

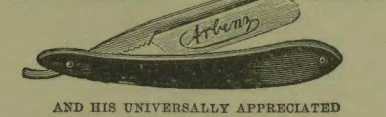
LUMBAGO CURED. Mr. J. B. CARNE, Station Master, L. B. and S. C. Railway, Clapham Junction Station, S.W., writes:—"I have derived great benefit from wearing your Electropathic Belt. The Lumbago and pains in my back have both ceased."

NERVOUS DEBILITY CURED. Mr. F. G. ANSTEE, 199, Queen's-gate, London, S.W., writes:—"Dec. 3, 1887.—Words fail to express my gratitude to you for the benefit I have derived from the use of your Electropathic Appliances, for now I feel like a new creature and better than I have done for years. My nerves are much better, and I have none of that languid feeling which used to make my life a burden."

FOR XMAS & NEW YEAR'S GIFTS

Nothing is more suitable than ARBENZ'S Celebrated


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GEM AIR GUNS.

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Banded, fine linen, three for 6s.; Superior, 7s. 6d.; Extra Fine, 9s. Send three (not less) with cash. Returned ready for use, carriage paid.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

ÆGIDIUS.—The only FLANNEL SHIRTS

that never shrink in washing, not if washed 100 times; Elastic, soft as silk, two for 21s.; Extra Quality, two for 27s. Carriage free. Write for Patterns and Self-measure to R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

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Which makes Pea Soup in a few minutes. Most easily Digested. Sold in Packets and Tins.
Sold by all Grocers. Export Agent: J. T. MORTON, LONDON.

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Recipe and notes how to harmlessly, effectually, and rapidly cure Obesity without semi-starvation dieting, &c. "Sunday Times" says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to eradicate, to cure the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes does not lower but builds up and tones the system." Book, 116 pages (8 stamps).
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TOO FAT!!

Dr. GORDON'S elegant PILLS cure stoutness rapidly and certainly. State height and weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s., to Dr. GORDON, 10, Brunswick-square, London, W.C.

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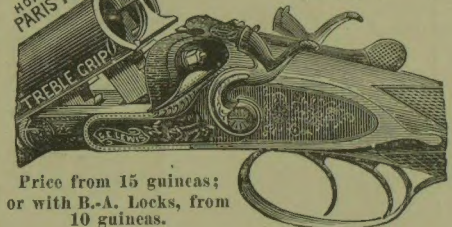
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"It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs are weak."—Sir Charles A. Cameron, M.D.

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THIS Gun, wherever shown, has always taken honours. Why buy from Dealers when you can buy at half the price from the Maker? Any gun sent on approval on receipt of P.O.O., and remittance returned if, on receipt, it is not satisfactory. Target trial allowed. A choice of 2000 Guns, Rifles, and Revolvers, embracing every novelty in the trade. B.-L. Guns, from 30s. to 50 guineas; B.-L. Revolvers, from 6s. 6d. to 100s. Send six stamps for New Illustrated Catalogue for season 1888, now ready, embracing every Gun, Rifle, and Revolver up to date; also Air-Cane, and Implement Sheets. For conversions, new barrels, P.-F. to C.-F., M.-L. to B.-L., re-stocking, &c., we have a staff of men second to none in the trade.

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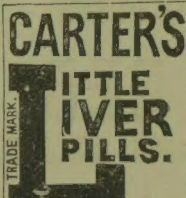
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They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. 40 in a phial. Purely Vegetable, and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. Established 1856. Standard Pill of the United States. In phials at 1s. 1 1/2d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post.

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Beetham's Glycerine AND Cucumber

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ITS EFFECT IN REMOVING ALL
ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, &c.,
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SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE,
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No Lady who values her COMPLEXION should be without it at this Season of the Year. If used after DANCING or visiting heated apartments, it will be found DELIGHTFULLY COOLING and REFRESHING.

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"Having been a sufferer from Indigestion for many years, I am happy to say that I have at last not only been relieved but perfectly cured by using Norton's Pills, and confidently recommend them to all suffering from the same.

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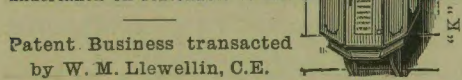
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